THE MISSIONARY HERALD

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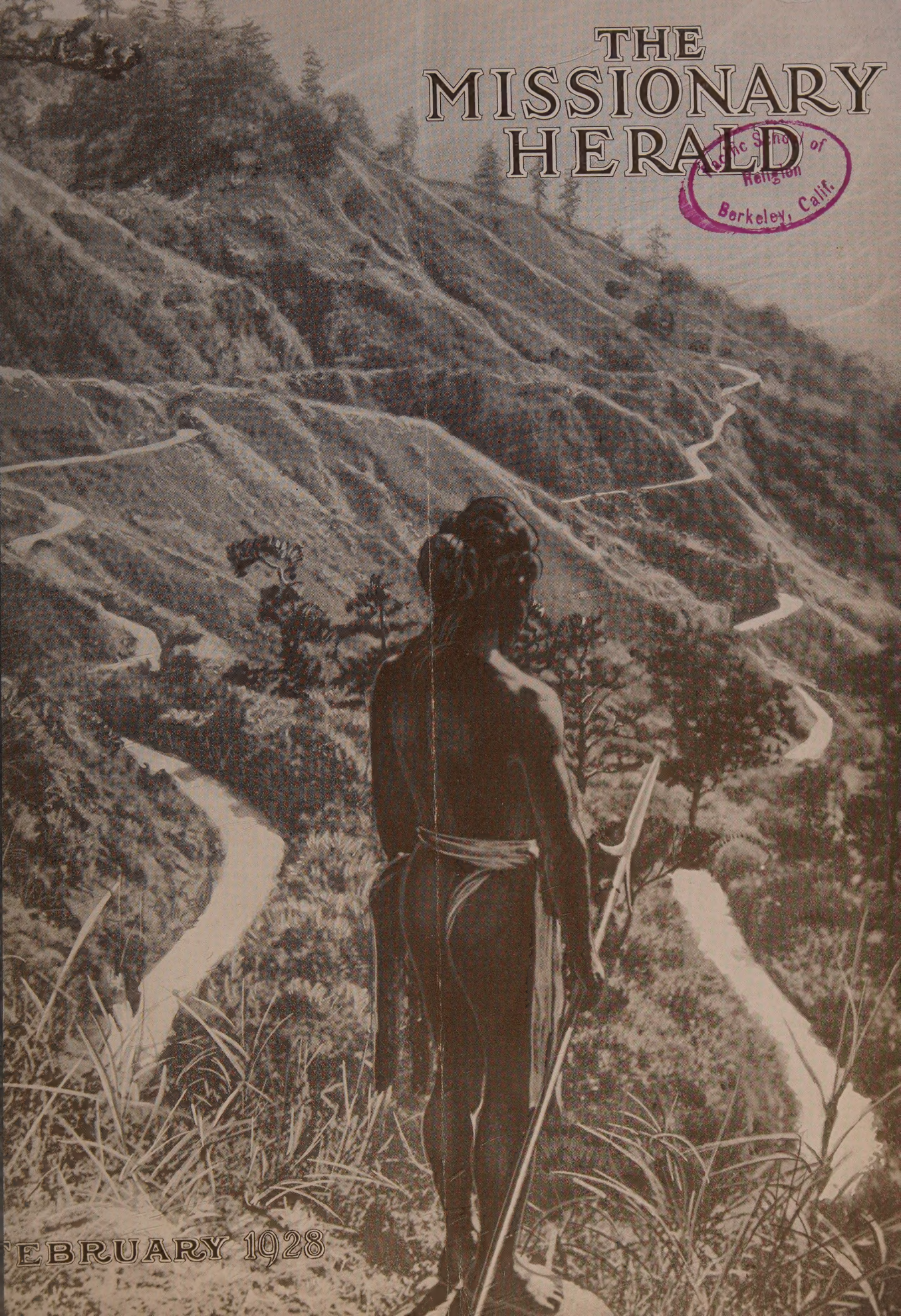
Berkeley, Calif.



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Vol. CXXIV FEBRUARY, 1928 No. 2

CONTENTS

COVER. Looking Down the Benguet Road, P. I.

ARTICLES

What Three Men Did for the Philippines. By Rev. Frank C. Laubach 42
Two Men Who Built Well at Home 44
One Woman's Day's Work in India: A Page from a Missionary's Diary. By Isabel Brown Rose 45
Introducing Yoshiko Chan. By Ann Haseltine Bradford . . . 49
The Winnetka Resolution 50
The Foreign Missions Conference on the Same 51
Training Young Chinese in the Craft of the Master Carpenter. By Rev. Ernest T. Shaw 53
Our New Armenian Partners. By Secretary Mabel E. Emerson . 55
"Now It Can Be Told": How Ellen Stone's Ransom Money Reached the Brigands 56
Foreign Missions Under Fire. Dialogue Number 2. By Secretary Cornelius H. Patton 58
The Student Volunteer Convention at Detroit: A Symposium . . 60
The Social Gospel and Gold Miners. By Rev. Ray E. Phillips . . 64
The Press to the Rescue. By Dorothy P. Cushing 68
Scenes in the Life of Jesus. Pictures by Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Warner 71

HOME BASE 72

LETTERS FROM OVERSEAS 74

"HERALD" QUESTIONS 78

BOOK REVIEWS 79

AROUND THE WORLD 81

PERSONALIA 84

THE CHRONICLE 86

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Foreign Correspondents, HUNDREDS OF WATCHMEN AT THE CROSSROADS OF THE WORLD

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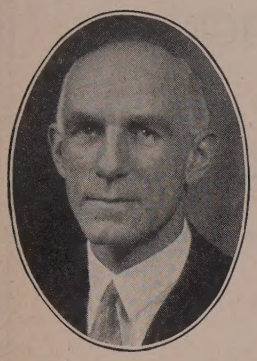
WHAT THREE MEN DID FOR THE PHILIPPINES

By FRANK C. LAUBACH



Dr. Laubach as He Looks Today

THE Philippines are indebted to a great host of Americans who have given their lives or their money for churches or schools or hospitals. I desire to tell the story of three such men. They illustrate in striking fashion how, by wise and timely investment, one may have immense influence without ever going to the foreign field. These three men have made possible several important strides toward the completion of America's splendid achievement in the Philippines.

Our nation went into the missionary business in 1899 when we took possession of the Philippines. We set out to make of those Islands, to use the inspired words of President Schurmann, "a new birth of liberty on the other side of the Pacific, and a beacon of hope for the benighted millions of the Asiatic Continent." Our government, our missions, the Rockefeller Foundation, the American Red Cross —all contributed to our thrilling experiment in nation building. We have found in the Filipinos better raw material than we had anticipated, and our progress has exceeded all expectations.

At the heart of our experiment has been education. Unfortunately, the strict separation of religion and education which conditions have demanded has prevented the government from using any of its resources for the basic elements of character building. The government has had to depend upon churches to perform that service. American officials have repeatedly urged the missions to place Christian dormitories beside the public schools. So far as money has permitted these dormitories have been erected. Churches for students have also been built in a majority of the high school centers.

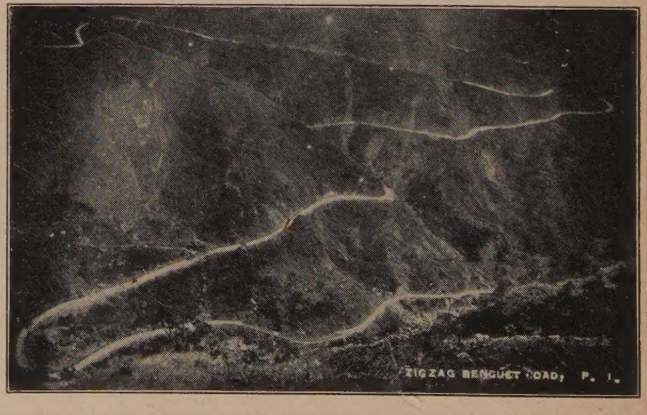
Education has progressed with such almost incredible speed that the missions have been hard pressed to find Filipino ministers in sufficient numbers and well enough trained to assume the leadership of the educated younger generation. Twenty years ago the denominations had united to form a Bible school, but it was neither large enough nor advanced enough to supply the ministers needed. It became obvious that nothing short of a college education could prepare the high grade men who could influence the educated Filipinos of this day. For this college and seminary a building was urgently needed.

These facts were presented at Upper Montclair, N. J., one Sunday morning seven years ago. After the service three men volunteered to form a committee to help find the money. Mr. Charles G. Phillips, at that time President of the United Publishers' Corporation, and Mr. Charles W. Anderson, Director of the Massachusetts State Mutual Life Insurance Company, offered ten thousand dollars each. Mr. Arthur Y. Meeker, then Vice-President of the Alberine Stone Company, became secretary of the committee. Other men and women caught the vision. Some gave a thousand, others five hundred, two hundred and fifty, one hundred; large numbers contributed fifty, twenty-five, ten, five, or two dollars, until more than sixty thousand dollars were subscribed.

Stimulated by the challenge of these Congregational givers, the coöperating denominations in the Philippines hastened to contribute their share. Today, on Taft Avenue in Manila, stands a beautiful Union Theological Seminary and College. Four hundred students are entered in all departments, preparing for the leadership as ministers or teachers of the rising generation. This institution has become the center of Protestant work in the Philippines.

We were eager to be able to visit the high schools and colleges, so that we might select the choicest men, the valedictorians, the best characters, the best natural leaders, in order to challenge them for the ministry. Mr. Phillips hesitated not a minute. "I will give you," he said, "the money to cover travel expenses for five years." With letters from the Director of Education we have visited the high schools, talking on moral themes, like "Honesty" and "Clean Living," while we looked for the type of men needed. We are exceedingly proud of the high scholarship and splendid character of the men now preparing for the Christian ministry. Fifteen thousand dollars from gifts of American friends have been invested in scholarships for these fine men in the past five years.

Another of the results of the movement begun that Sunday morning in Upper Montclair is the United Church of the Philippines. There has always been a strong desire among most Filipinos to see



Up the Zigzagging Benguet Road to Baguio

A View From Baguio

Up among the hills of Luzon, north of Manila, at Christian conferences, many Filipino and some Moro boys are won by the truth and spirit of Jesus.

denominational lines disappear, for they have believed that these divisions greatly weakened our approach to the non-church people; yet they have been prevented from uniting by fear of losing the aid of American churches. A group of Filipinos and Americans who had long striven for church union, and who had come to realize that it is impossible to include all churches at once, planned to establish one United Church in Manila as a demonstration. The American community in Manila had a Union Church, and they saw no reason why the Filipinos should not have one. When Mr. Phillips learned of this movement he made a special trip to Boston, and said to Dr. Barton, "I wish to provide the money to make possible the beginning of the proposed United Church."

When the Filipinos—men like Senator Osias, Representative Dacanay, and Secretary Barza—heard of this gift they went to work with great enthusiasm. The United Brethren Mission offered its valuable property for the venture. The United Church of Manila now stands in the center of the greatest student area in the Far East, twenty-five thousand students living within a half mile of the church. It has proved so popular that the old building is regularly crowded to the doors. The members are now engaged in a campaign in the Philippines to build a "Temple Beautiful."

Inspired by the phenomenal success of this church, the Presbyterians, United Brethren, and Congregationalists have combined and adopted a constitution for the "United Church of the Philippines." It is hoped that at least two other denominations will soon join. So the dream which multitudes of Filipinos and many Americans have cherished for years has crystallized around Mr. Phillips' gift, made at the critical moment.

This fund has made possible the beginning to make real another of our dreams—the opening of work among the Mohammedan Moros of Mindanao. Matias Cuadra, the leading Moro of this young generation, has become a Christian minister. He is so powerful that he has been urged repeatedly to become candidate for the governorship of the Moro Province. Indeed, he has had to flee from that temptation. Only because we could offer him a scholarship in a worthy institution like Union College was he saved for the ministry. He has accomplished miracles already in his ministry among the Moros, and is clearly the man called of God to open the doors in this part of the Moslem world.

Projects, once started, are like the ever-widening circles in a pond when a stone is cast into it. Our Union High School introduced the Honor System. While visiting the high schools, we have been able to promote similar movements for honesty. The "High Y Clubs" have taken the matter up, and this fine project in honesty is now becoming ever more popular.

The students and faculty of the Union Schools have been leaders in fighting vice, in investigations of the opium evil, and in promoting temperance. They investigated the worst slums in Manila and published their findings so effectively that the city authorities demanded the demolition of the most unwholesome buildings. New and better homes have been built and the streets have been put in excellent condition.

Nor is this all. A comfortable missionary residence in Manila and a delightful little rest cottage nestling in the mountains of Baguio, a mile above sea level, were made possible by the gifts of these and other friends in Montclair. I gratefully add my personal indebtedness to Mr. Meeker for having financed and managed the publication of "The People of the Philippines."

I have written this article because I covet for every missionary the backing of friends like these. What this country needs is a new variety of missionary—a missionary who will solemnly vow to *stay at home, and work as hard for missions as though he went to the field,* so that the home base may not fail at this critical hour.

Stanley Jones says that "in the next ten or twenty years the spiritual destiny of a vast section of the human race will probably be settled"; and Bishop Grose of China says the destiny of China will be settled in five years! What we do we must do quickly. We are under a mighty compulsion.

Congregationalism will not fail if she can find

thousands of men and women who will sacrifice time and talent to help out the small handful of secretaries upon whom the burden now rests. Every missionary on foreign fields needs a committee of loyal laymen in America, who will coöperate in making sure that the home base does not fail.

I write with acute feeling, for I returned to America carrying a new burden. I had made promises, many of them. Voices from across the sea haunted me through the night. A mountain fell from my shoulders when a group of men called me into consultation, asked me what I had on my heart, and then said in substance:—

"We see that you have a mighty opportunity. We know America better than you do. We will help you set up the machinery and find the contacts. We want you to help, but we will share the travail until this task is finished. Throw your worries on us and take a real furlough!"

I know how those six hundred and fifty missionaries of the American Board feel when they turn toward home, for I am one of them. And I long, I long until it hurts, for EVERY ONE of them to find loyal friends here when they arrive, who will give not only money, but themselves, their friendship, their time, their knowledge—who will get under the load.

You have a missionary who will be coming home some day. He hungers and aches for the kind of loyal friendship and superb backing Upper Montclair has given me. Take him into your private room and encourage him to open his heart to you. You will find it a full heart, eager for YOU. Lift his load, and give him a real furlough.

TWO MEN WHO BUILT WELL AT HOME

THE missionary interests of the Congregational churches have met with immeasurable loss in the death of Mr. Charles H. Baker of New York and Rev. John J. Walker of Boston. Mr. Baker was a Corporate Member of the American Board and the Treasurer of the Church Extension Boards. Mr. Walker was Secretary of the Massachusetts Home Missionary Society. Each exerted an influence considerably beyond the limits of his official position and each is mourned by a large number of devoted friends and followers outside as well as inside the Congregational fellowship.

The services rendered by Mr. Baker in his own particular field are too well known to need comment here. He was the Dean of Board Treasurers. His wisdom in matters financial grew upon those who knew the mysteries of treasury work. His interest in each caller and in each of the swelling multitude of donors to Home Missionary work was as personal and genuine as it was official. He always impressed us as being, first, a colleague in Christian service, and second, a Board official—though we all knew him to be a thoroughgoing "watchdog of the Treasury."

As a Corporate Member of the American Board, Mr. Baker proved to be one of those sound, strong links that are binding together more and more closely the "home" and "foreign" interests of our big missionary task. His sphere of sympathy was never narrowed to his own Board, or to his own specialty. He was at home in the entire work of the church.

In Massachusetts Mr. Walker reached the most exalted position possible in the hearts of the people: he was associated with Dr. Emrich. Rarely did we think of one without remembering the other. They were as father and son. The spiritual mantle of the elder had fallen upon the younger. Both were as one in the finer, nobler traits of a "pastor among pastors," shepherd of the weaker churches, of the less fortunate brethren in backward districts, of those hungry hearts in the city most sensitive to the touch of a loving, loyal, sacrificial soul. Like Dr. Emrich, Mr. Walker helped men "to be of one mind in the family of God."

In practical administrative work, also, he was one to lean upon. President Page and other colleagues speak of this particularly. His sweetness of disposition, his gentleness, patience and humility often covered his strength of mind and hand, but strong he was, and strong he will ever seem to those who knew him best.

Where Mr. Walker felt most at home with the American Board, and we with him, was in the pastoral care of the foreign speaking peoples that compose so large a part of the population of Massachusetts. He knew the Italian and the Greek, the Finn, the Swede and the Pole, the Armenian and the Turk; and knowing them here, he knew them and loved their kin in their mother countries, and often wished he could visit the old homes of his foreign friends, in order to be of greater service to them here. And we on our part felt that the foreign born in the old Bay State whose families we were in touch with abroad could have no saner and more helpful friend than Secretary Walker of the Massachusetts Home Missionary Society.

We shall not forget what these two men have done for the missionary interests of our churches. Their loyalty to principles evolved through years of experience; their devotion to duty, their honest speaking along lines of conviction, their patience under those trying conditions that always beset treasurers and secretaries, their administrative wisdom and efficiency; and their faith in the ultimate triumph of Jesus Christ. These, with the marked friendliness and cheery fellowship of the men, made Charles H. Baker and John J. Walker worthy examples of that Christian leadership which our times and systems so greatly demand. They have set for us high ideals.

ONE WOMAN'S DAY'S WORK IN INDIA

A Page from a Missionary's Diary

By ISABEL B. ROSE of Sholapur, India

Author of "Red Blossoms," "Our Missionary Parish," "The Measure of Margaret"

IT is long after 11 P.M. A hard day's work and a hot bath (a disinfectant one, for I have been in contact with two loathsome diseases) have induced an overpowering sleepiness and a craving to tumble into bed. But today has been one of those queer days, when one unexpected thing has cropped up after another, and I simply must jot down what happened. It may give some folks a vague idea of the varied jobs that fill in the twelve hours—and sometimes twenty-four—of a missionary's day.

"Der Tag" started with a cold morning. Everybody is suffering acutely with what is here considered a cold spell, and our poor Indian friends often lie awake shivering all night for want of a warm covering. We have had to change the opening hour for school from 7.30 to 8 A.M.; and even then a lot of kiddies come late, and they are so blue and miserable that one has not the heart to scold them.

Just as our private devotions were over "Flower-Girl" arrived. She is a most unflower-like, but extremely nice, demure, capable woman, who does sewing for us and for the boys.

(*Aside*—One of our teachers, a Brahman convert, wanted a wife recently. He and I went to Pandita Ramabai's Women's Home, I having previously made overtures for a suitable bride for him. He was introduced to "Flower-Girl"—an orphan of good caste, who has known no other home—at about four o'clock in the afternoon, and was allowed to sit and talk with her till about half-past. They were agreeable to each other, so were married at five o'clock. I escorted them to the station and started them off on the next train for Sholapur, which they reached at midnight, so that within eight hours the happy man came, saw, conquered, and led his partner-for-life to her new domain! And now they are among our nicest couples.)

Well, having removed our Singer's Sewing Machine from its stand, as "Flower-Girl" cannot negotiate the treadle, I fixed it in its hand-sewing base and started her making five pairs of small, gray pants.

I next had a hasty interview with my beloved Krishna, and ordered the meals for the day; then I set out in "Sally," with Tut-ankh-amen (*Tut-tut* for short), our new puppy, a shaggy little brown dog, like a teddy bear.

A SMALLPOX CASE

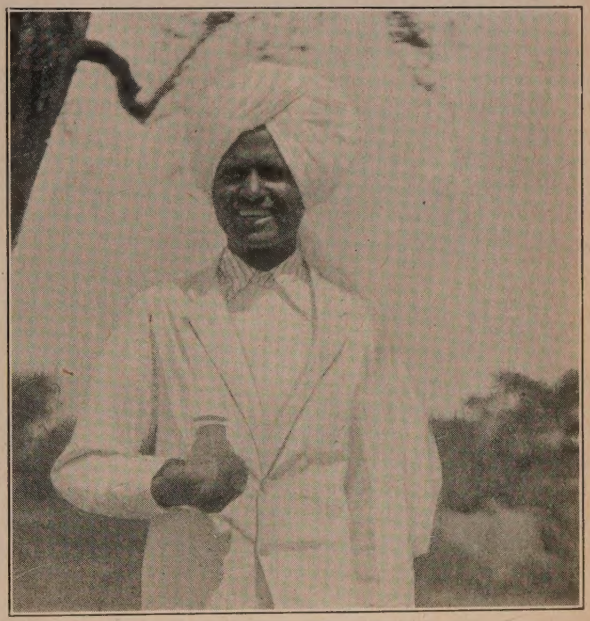
We went first to the Infectious Diseases Hospital, where a favorite pupil, Meshak, is down with smallpox, acquired when he went up to the district to wrest his dead father's field from the proverbial wicked uncle. This was his fourth attempt to bring the unscrupulous man to terms, and this time he succeeded in getting the uncle to sign a fair agreement. But on second thoughts the uncle regretted his "softness," so bribed the headman of the village, who sent for Meshak just as he was leaving, asked to have a look at the agreement, and then handed it over to the uncle, who tore it to shreds before Meshak's eyes! That was a pretty hard experience for a sixteen-year-old boy, and he came back broken-spirited, his smallpox all he got for his trouble! Worse yet, he will still be in hospital when it is time to sit for the yearly school examinations, so he has lost a year of schoolwork—for nothing.

The Infectious Diseases Hospital is a group of four bare rooms. A doctor visits once a day. The rest of the time the patients are left to the tender mercies of two totally untrained and careless women. When first Meshak was taken to hospital I saw the doctor, and asked him if he had anything to prevent the boy's handsome face from pocking.

"Oh yes," he replied graciously in his precise English; "it is a simple matter to prevent pocks by means of a special ointment."

"I see. Then can you supply the ointment?"

"I was thinking that perhaps I might prepare a quantity tomorrow, if I have time."



MESHAK, THE FORTUNATE

Mrs. Rose's smallpox patient is seen here, holding the jar of face-cream which helped to prevent his face from pocking.

"Please do."

But days have passed. The pocks have begun to burst. There is no sign of the ointment, though I have mentioned the matter at each visit; so I have supplied some cold cream as being better than nothing.

But last night my patience reached the limit. I found two new patients groaning under blankets in Meshak's ward, and discovered that they were plague cases! I called the "nurse" and jumped on her. But what could *she* do? she inquired. The doctor had ordered it so.

"But put them in one of the other wards. I'll take all the responsibility."

"There's no room anywhere else."

"But there are three other wards, aren't there?" and I marched her across to one of them. "Why not this one?"

"Oh, that's where the other nurse and I live."

"Then what about the second?"

"That's where the doctor keeps his stores. It's locked."

"And the third?"

"The third?" and she sniffed with contempt. "Oh, that's where the out-caste sweeper lives!"

"Then there is only one ward for patients, and you put them all in it, no matter whether they are suffering from different diseases?"

"Of course!" and she looked beneficently tolerant of my ignorance.

"Then you'll have to try a new plan this time, my lady," I remarked, and I sent a peremptory message through her to the doctor that I'd call first thing in the morning and see what arrangement he had made.

Well, this was now our morning call, and there lay Meshak, as before, in a row with plague patients, but this time there were three of them! The doctor had not yet made his rounds, and no one knew where he might be found. As I stood fuming by Meshak's bed, I felt three fleas simultaneously attack my ankle. Now, that is always a more or less exciting experience, but there is quite an added thrill when you get them from the mud floor of a room with three plague cases in it, and when you know that plague is carried by fleas!

VISITING THE DAY SCHOOLS

With another verbal threat to the conveniently-absent doctor, I set out for one of our day schools in a suburb called the South Bazaar. The attendance had jumped from 50 to 150 under an energetic master, when along came Master Plague and shut up our school for three months, while the distracted inhabitants of that locality left their plague-rat-infected huts and camped out in huts of straw or tin on the open prairie. Sadar Bazaar, with its rickety mud walls, looked as deserted as Pompeii. But now the plague has died out in this particular section, and incidentally a good many people have died out too, including some promising pupils, and we have reopened with just a handful of children.

WITH DYSENTERY AND PLAGUE

I next drove slowly through a narrow and crowded bazaar street and then hustled along a fine open road, past the railway station, to the post office, where I sent off this wire:—

"Krishna had dysentery but is almost well. Tell Ganpat."

This, being interpreted, means that our beloved Krishna had been taken ill, had been sent to the Civil Hospital (which is quite an improvement on the Infectious Diseases Hospital), but had got disgusted and had calmly *walked home*. Then he had insisted on setting out for his village—a tiring night's journey. We had refused to let him go, but had wired for his wife. Her quick arrival acted like magic. This second wire was to reassure his anxious sons.

Then to the Ford Motor Depot to inquire about two seats with springs required for an invalid couch which we are making in our carpentry department for a fellow-missionary. A silly clerk in charge knew nothing. Manager out. Might be in any time from eleven till two, but couldn't say.

"Well, then," I said in desperation, "show me a price-list and I'll see what they cost in Bombay."

The silly clerk fumbled futilely round for a while and then admitted that all the price-lists were locked away in the box, and the manager had the key!

Maddening—but—no remedy. This is India.

Off I went through another bazaar street to another school on the north of the city. Here the plague is only beginning, and our numbers are dwindling, for the pupils are going with their parents to huts outside the city—as much as two miles distant. I suggested that the children get inoculated, and a dozen brave souls agreed—contingent, of course, on their parents' consent. So I drove the teacher around to the Municipality and arranged for an inoculation stunt in the afternoon at five o'clock, and the master promised to go to all the houses and beat up the children. So well did he do his work that I heard this evening that twenty-five were punctured.

TO THE HIGH-CASTE GIRLS' SCHOOL

Then up through one of the main bazaar streets to our high-caste girls' school. It has decreased from seventy-five to thirty-five because of plague, and will probably have to be shut up soon. Here there was a tiresome job to do besides the ordinary school work. In one place the surrounding wall is so low that our friendly Hindu neighbors dump their refuse into our yard and steal the tiles off an outhouse. We must get permission from the Municipality before we can raise the height of the wall, so I had to take measurements to be stated in our application. This necessitated going round to the lane at the back—a vile, filthy alley about four feet wide. In two places they had dug down to the drain, and the two gaps were like deep graves reaching from side to side of the alley, except for a narrow and slippery ledge in front of a house. As I gin-

gerly negotiated it, I expected every minute to be precipitated into the slimy pit of the Psalmist. The sights and smells were beyond description, and the fierce tropical sun added its torment. Even now, twelve hours afterwards, it looms up in the memory as a horrible nightmare, and I feel as if I had had a visit to the City of Dreadful Night.

AND THE BOYS' SCHOOL

From here through other bazaar streets swarming with bullock carts, stray dogs, toddling children, and other live obstacles, to our big Central Boys' School, into which the other schools feed. Here I did the rounds of the classes, saw the attendance, and told the teachers that tomorrow would be pay day. We try to give out salaries on the last Tuesday of each month, for Tuesday is the weekly bazaar day here, when farmers from many miles round bring their grain and other commodities to sell or barter; and things are cheaper then than on any other day of the week.

CATCHES A GLIMPSE OF HOME AND HUSBAND

Then home at last—with time for a few minutes' rest, I fondly hoped. But . . . tap, tap, tap . . . a boy to get his fees for the local High School he is attending. By the time I had made out the voucher and counted out the money, the breakfast bell rang. Here R. and I saw each other for the first time since early morning, he having had as varied and strenuous a time in other lines. We had half an hour's respite from visits, for our Indians are as a rule very thoughtful about letting us take our meals in peace.

Then Bapurao, our purchasing agent, arrived to do the accounts of the boarding school with me; and I took his weekly record in English, to correspond with what he keeps in Marathi. It is an interesting list: vegetables; jawari (millet); rice; pulse; toll on the grain (we have to pay a toll of over 3 per cent on all grain and rice bought in Sholapur, and this goes to the upkeep of the god in the big temple by the lake. It cannot be avoided, for it is a hereditary endowment—and *in perpetuo*); cartage; wood and fuel cakes; the grinding of the millet into flour for the flat breads; onions; salt; peanuts; flaxseed; sesame; curry stuff; dried cocoanut; sweet oil; molasses; clarified butter; kerosene oil; matches; milk; sundries. It amounts to something just over thirty dollars—a pretty modest sum to feed eighty hefty boys for a week!

POLISHES UP ACCOUNTS

The afternoon was spent in the usually tiresome but in this case happy task of polishing up accounts. A delayed "special gift" had put our Boys' School account 'way into the hole, and we had had to borrow from other funds and from our own exchequer to keep things going. But now the long-looked-for gift had arrived, and we were able to repay all loans and to feel once more the self-respect concomitant with a nice smug balance in every work account.

Now it so happened that the head of the house had to start for Bombay tonight—to get those motor seats for the invalid which the Ford depot here

THE SADAR BAZAR SCHOOL, SHOLAPUR, INDIA

Mr. and Mrs. Rose are in the center. This school trebled its attendance and then was devastated by the plague.

The cross on the man at the right marks the happy fellow who saw, proposed, was accepted, married, and conveyed his bride, "Flower-Girl," to her new home, 130 miles away, all within eight hours.

did *not* have. It is a great chance to make purchases which are impossible here; so whoever goes on a pilgrimage to Bombay always does shopping for the whole missionary crowd. While R. packed I made out a list of things to be got, and collected a broken-down clock, two *hors-de-combat* fountain pens, an incapacitated pair of Crookes' glasses, and other small repairs. R's dinner had to be put in the tiffin basket, and time was short, for R. was to lead the weekly prayer meeting before going to the train. Just as we were rushing round, a visitor arrived—very hot and tired and ready for a nice long chat! R. sat with him and "did the polite" while I looked up spondulix and despatched his stuff directly to the station.

PASSES AND PRAYER MEETINGS

Now it fortunately happens that the men missionaries in Sholapur have the privilege of a first-class pass between here and Bombay because they help with the Sunday services at the Railway Institute, preaching every Sunday when there is no chaplain available. We planned to get the pass from Mr. S. at prayer meeting, as he had just been using it. But his wife informed us that he was still at the Settlement. R. proceeded with the prayer meeting while I rushed off in blessed "Sally" and tracked Mr. S. to earth. But the pass was at his house, three miles away! There was nothing for it but to go there, and Mr. S., like a good sport, came with me, with three excited kiddies in the back seat. All this hurly-burly evidently affected "Sally's" nervous system, for all of a sudden the exhaust loosened up and she began to roar as if in protest. We were on minutes so dared not stop to fix anything; and we had to go ahead, simply bellowing through the streets, making man and beast fly from our path in sheer terror. It was somehow just the finishing touch to what had already been a circus, and I laughed so that I could hardly drive.

We arrived back at prayer meeting in time to hear R.'s peroration. He left Mr. S. to close with prayer, and we shot down to the station and caught the mail train comfortably. The kiddies who had taken down the stuff were, of course, waiting for the usual ride home, so I had a full car load.

After a hurried dinner I had to go to the school prayer meeting. I got the lamps fixed, and after the meeting was started, slipped out and over to the hospital again, with the tea, biscuits, peppermints, and lemonade that Meshak looks forward to all day. He was much better, but the three plague patients were still in his room! Then back to the prayer meeting and home at 10.30.

AFTER 10.30 P.M.

I went out to the little houses at the back of the bungalow and found Krishna much better. A dysentery mixture plus my hot-water bag plus the arrival of his wife had all contributed to his cure.

And now I have just written to the Infectious Diseases Doctor that if the plague and smallpox cases are not separated by ten o'clock tomorrow morning, I shall report him at once to the Municipality.

And now really and truly to bed. "Der Tag." Even this terrible "Tag" is over at last, and there are not many quite so bad. But tomorrow will bring fresh problems of its own.

Goodnight!

ANN HASELTINE BRADFORD

INTRODUCING YOSHIKO CHAN

By ANN HASELTINE BRADFORD

To complete the story of the American friendship doll which we published as a sample in our May, September, and December issues, we feel we should give here the doll Ann Chan's account of the Japanese friendship doll sent as an exchange gift to Bradford, Mass., from the children of the Yodogawa Neighborhood House, Osaka. This will probably be the conclusion of the matter, so far as we are concerned, but the little emissaries will go on serving their friendly purpose for some time to come.

DID you think that I had forgotten all about you? I don't wonder, for it is a long time since I have written; but I never could forget Bradford, and all of you there. And now I have such a happy reason for writing. Just day before yesterday we said good-by to Yoshiko Chan, sending her all the way to tell you how much we love you, and to carry you greetings and best wishes for the happiest of Christmases from each boy and girl in the Neighborhood House.

How I hope that she will have as nice a trip across the ocean as I had, and I know that her welcome to Bradford will be as warm as mine was here. She was so happy to go, and each one of us had a hand in getting her ready. I say that we all had a share, and mine is to write to you, as you see.

First of all, I want to tell you what Yoshiko Chan's name means. Her whole name is Yodogawa Yoshiko, or as we would say it—Yoshiko Yodogawa. Just as my last name is Bradford, hers is Yodogawa, for that is where she comes from. Probably you don't know it, but we never call this the Neighborhood House when talking about it here in Japan, but use the Japanese name, Zenrinkan. Another way to read the Chinese character that stands for *Zen* is *Yoshi,* meaning *good,* a very common name for a girl. *Ko* means child and is often added to the name; and you already know what Chan means, for I have it added to my name out here. Don't you think that is a pretty name—Yoshiko Chan? In the letter the children wrote you they asked that you always call her that.

Yoshiko Chan is carrying a whole basket full of things, and a box besides. Her bright-colored kimono may seem very strange to you, but if you could see the children out here in just such dresses every day you would soon get used to them and like them as well as I do. Then, isn't her bedding pretty? But how would you like to sleep on the floor, and use such mattresses and comforters? I told the children that you would give her a bed when she got to America, but they were afraid that Yoshiko Chan might not be comfortable in an American bed. Isn't that funny, when we think sleeping on the floor must be a hard way to spend the night.

As a Japanese bride, when she goes to her husband's home, carries all the needed household utensils, Yoshiko Chan is taking some with her, even to a tub for her laundry, and buckets for water. Also a dressing table, and a cabinet for her things. Everything should have been packed in a chest of drawers, or a long, lacquered box, but the difficulty of sending these made it seem best to put everything in the kind of basket used here, instead of trunks, for traveling.

There was quite a discussion as to which dress

YOSHIKO-CHAN AND HER TROUSSEAU

THE YODOGAWA FAREWELL CEREMONY

Yoshiko-Chan is being given by a Japanese child to an American child (Barbara Moran), as she leaves for Bradford, Mass. Note "Ann Haseltine," the American Doll, in front.

BRADFORD'S RECEPTION PARTY

Here Yoshiko-Chan is seen seated with the children of the Bradford church, quietly orienting herself to her new life in strange, yet friendly, circumstances.

she had better wear, for we all realize that you are going to have trouble knowing how to put on Yoshiko Chan's clothes. Miss Cary said she tried to write directions for each one, but it was hard to make them very clear. But if Miss Cary's mother is there in Bradford, I am sure she can help you. The reason we chose her school dress as a traveling one was because it is almost the most complicated one to put on. And you will remember, won't you, that Japanese clothes cross over from left to right, instead of the way we do ours.

You may think the stitches in the clothes are very big, and that the mothers didn't take pains in sewing them, but that is the way all Japanese clothes are made. Sometimes to us it looks almost as if they are only basted together, but the reason for this is that when they are laundered they must be all ripped to pieces, washed, dried, and then resewed. It would be far too much work to do that if they were sewn with tiny stitches.

The pretty flowers and butterflies painted on Yoshiko Chan's best lavender dress were done by the deaf and dumb son of our Bible-woman. She wanted him to have a share in sending the doll, and as he is an artist, that was his contribution. When his little ten-year-old girl saw what he had done, she went to her toys and brought the little lacquered cabinet, asking that it be sent, too. So you can see that many have had a share in the things we are sending, and that they have been prepared with much thought and love.

We had a farewell meeting as a send-off for Yoshiko Chan, and little Barbara Moran came down and received the doll as your representative. She looked so cunning that we had the photographer come and take a picture of her just as the little Japanese girl was handing the doll to her. I am putting in a picture of Yoshiko Chan with all her things.

We all hope that Yoshiko Chan will reach you safely by Christmas. She will give you in person the "Merry Christmas" that we are sending to you.

THE WINNETKA RESOLUTION

LATE last fall the Congregational Church of Winnetka, Ill., appealed to the Board to associate itself with other American missionary societies in asking of the United States Government "such a modification of its practice in the affording of diplomatic protection to its citizens in China as that those who desire to work in the interior of China, and who also desire to avail themselves of this modification, may be given diplomatic protection without the application or the threat of American military force, but with the use of only such methods as promote good will in personal and official relations." The church also expressed the hope that if joint action by mission boards proved impossible, the American Board itself might, "without delay, request such change of practice on the part of the Government," and that moreover the Board might "jointly or alone, express again to the Government of the United States its earnest hope for a speedy revision of the treaties existing between this Government and China, and particularly for the abrogation of those portions of previous treaties generally known as the "toleration clauses."

The church met with a ready response from the Board for a conference. This was held on Tuesday, December 13, Messrs. Stanley H. Simpson and William McKinney, with the church's foreign pastor, Rev. Paul R. Reynolds of Fenchow, Shansi, conferring first with the sub-committee on Foreign Policy, and later with the Prudential Committee as a whole. As a result of the conference the following action was taken by the Board:—

> The Prudential Committee has received with grateful and favorable appreciation an overture from the Congregational Church of Winnetka, Ill.
>
> In response to this overture, the Prudential

Committee is disposed, in behalf of the American Board, to petition the United States Government, through the State Department, that it make it possible for the missionaries of the American Board who desire to live outside the concessions, legations and other "protected areas," to be given only such diplomatic protection as may be provided without the use, threat or show of military force, and by such methods only as will promote good will in personal and official relations.

The Prudential Committee submits this statement of its purpose to the China missionaries of the American Board in order to secure their full judgment before presenting this petition to the government.

The Prudential Committee submits this statement of its purpose to the other Missionary Boards of our country having work in China, through the Foreign Missions Conference, in the hope that these Boards will join in this petition.

The Committee would express its earnest sympathy with the hopes of the establishment of a stable and just government in China, and, acting for the American Board, will continue to seek, through the State Department, such a speedy revision of the existing treaties with China as shall contribute to better relations between the two nations.

This Minute has been sent to the Boards having work in China. It has also been sent to the China missionaries of the Board, both those on the field and those now on furlough; to term workers, as well as those on permanent appointment. All are asked to say whether or not they favor the expressed attitude in general in regard to the protection of missionaries in China, and whether or not they favor making the specific request of the United States Government.

The Board makes it clear that it does not wish to make distinction among its China missionaries. It would like to secure for all of them protection by amicable methods only. But the specific purpose is a petition in behalf of those only who shall live outside the "protected areas" in China, in order to bring before the Government a measure immediately practicable.

This matter that has been emphasized afresh by our Winnetka friends has long been under discussion in Board circles. Some definite action now seems in sight. In due time suggestions from both missionaries and mission boards will be received and the much-sought-for crystallization of sentiment secured.

THE FOREIGN MISSIONS CONFERENCE ON THE SAME

"RESOLVED, that in the judgment of this conference the use or threat of foreign military force for the protection of missionaries is in general a serious hindrance to missionary work, and that the effort should be made to secure for those missionaries desiring it, the privilege of waiving their right to such protection."

IN some respects this vote of the Foreign Missions Conference, taken on Friday, the 13th of January, registered the high-water mark of action by that body. It took place in the last session, when many of the delegates, perhaps more than half, had gone; yet it must go down in history as an act of the conference, and as one of the most far-reaching, if not epochal, votes ever taken by the conference during the thirty-five years of its existence. It does not bind the seventy boards represented in the conference, yet it will undoubtedly influence those boards having work in China, and those missionaries throughout China who have been waiting, lo, these many years, for such a courageous, unmistakable expression of opinion and purpose on the part of this great body that represents the boards.

There were some who questioned the advisability of discussing the "Gunboat Protection" question in open conference. They would have preferred to have the matter referred to the Business Committee or to the Committee of Reference and Counsel which serves *ad interim*. Questions of similar delicate character have usually been settled in such committees where they can command the calm, unbiassed consideration of the most experienced officers of the coöperating boards.

As a matter of fact the conference on the day before had adopted the recommendation of its Business Committee to refer to the various boards having work in China, with the request that the boards report back their action to the Committee of Reference and Counsel, the matter of similar purport (which we print above) referred to it by the American Board; and, naturally, there were some in the conference that morning who were disposed to wait until the boards could act upon the American Board's resolution.

But those who had remained in the conference were manifestly impatient that Friday morning with all questions raised on procedure. They were bent upon discussion and upon some expression of corporate opinion. To many the day for words had gone by and nothing but action on this momentous question would satisfy. So the vote was taken and the resolution went through with an overwhelming majority.

This action, which is likely to have such far-

reaching effect, was pressed particularly by the group that met on "China" in the Sectional Meetings held on the previous afternoon. The conference as a whole, however, had been prepared, in a real sense, for this action by the reception of a rare amount of information on China, on the attitude of the Chinese toward foreigners, and on the problems faced by the Mission Boards bearing upon the future of missionary work in that strategic field. It had listened to a discriminating analysis by Dr. Henry T. Hodgkin, a Secretary of the National Christian Council in China, who dwelt for an hour Wednesday morning on the general situation in China, on the Chinese Church, on the missionary body there with its new problems due to changed relations with government and with church, and on the way out for the Mission Boards to follow. It had absorbed the truth in large measure that "we as church people must appreciate and approve" the attitude of the missionaries who "increasingly are eager to take the risks involved in adjusting procedure and institutions to meet the demands of Chinese Christians and Chinese Nationals," and are "anxious to get back to their posts of service" under right conditions and in right relationships.

The conference had already adopted a resolution expressing gratification at the declaration of the British and American Governments of their readiness to consider a revision of the existing treaties with China whenever the Chinese agree to a commission representative of China as a whole—this in the "hope that advantage would be taken at the earliest opportunity to begin negotiations"; and it had been quite thrilled when Secretary Warnshuis intimated that "active negotiations for the revision of treaties between the United States and China might be under way at Washington within three months," and that already "three leading Chinese have been named by a Chinese Government to take part in the negotiations." It had been advised by Dr. Robert J. McMullen of China, who discussed on the evening before "The Future of the Missionary in China," that "he who would follow Christ into China must take up his Cross and follow Him"; and this to many meant the waiving of indemnities and rights of protection by foreign military force.

Moreover, it had been pointed out to the conference from the floor that, judging from the experience of the Japan missionaries since the Japanese stood for their rights and swept away all vestiges of extraterritoriality, the matter of "protection" in China would be easily adjusted when China became unified under the Nationalist banner.

But the conference had no desire to wait for such a unification that, most agreed, would take anywhere from five to twenty-five years. Hence the vote to remove once and for all time the question of "Gunboat Protection," which so seriously embarrasses the cause of missions.

Yü Ying Industrial Shop

TRAINING YOUNG CHINESE IN THE CRAFT OF THE MASTER CARPENTER

By ERNEST T. SHAW of Peking

WHEN I returned to Yü Ying Boys' School in November, 1926, after a year at Teachers' College, I kept before me four specific aims for my work in religious education: (1) to help the boys express the ideals of Jesus in their daily lives; (2) to start some vocational guidance for them; (3) to inaugurate an adequate health program; (4) to help them to properly use their leisure time.

After I had been back here long enough to again get the feel of the language, the student Y. M. C. A. organized a discussion group and asked me to lead it. We tried to get the members to propose for discussion questions which were interesting and yet perplexing. My object was to bring all the Christian standards and experience I could to bear in helping them find answers.

The questions chosen included: "How can a junior middle school student best serve his country?" "What are the best ways for a junior middle school student to use his leisure time?" "What would an ideal junior middle school for boys be like?" "Should the students of Yü Ying School have their representative on the Discipline Committee?"

After only a few meetings of the discussion group had been held, it became obvious that for profitable discussion we would have to provide reference material. The school already owned a few hundred volumes, but they were either scattered among the teachers or kept locked up in cupboards. With the Principal's hearty coöperation, I set to work with three student assistants, obtained a room which could be thrown open to the students at regular hours, arranged reading tables and stools (we couldn't afford chairs), and began cataloguing the books according to a modified Dewey decimal system. From the first this addition to the equipment of the school appealed to the boys. On many days there were not seats enough to accommodate those who wanted to read, and they would have to stand wherever they could, or lean against the walls or perch on the narrow window sills. We have catalogued six hundred and ninety-two volumes, nearly all of them very good books for the boys, but most of them only paper bound. During the five months of the school year that the library was open, the boys borrowed thirteen hundred volumes. By taking care of the books we already have, and gradually adding new ones, we hope to increase the library's usefulness very greatly.

One of the chief concerns of the Discipline Committee during the past year has been to so control the conditions within the school that by living democratically in it the boys will learn how to live together in a democracy. Each class, therefore, has its own rules, its officers, and a faculty adviser, who takes upon himself a special responsibility for helping the boys of his group to solve their own problems.

One afternoon at half-past five one of the seventh grade pupils came and asked me to attend a meeting of his class. The three sections were having a joint meeting. The leader of a faction in the "A" section had seized the opportunity presented by the joint meeting to bring accusations against the president of his section. They had been hotly arguing the matter for an hour and a half when I

Yü Ying's "Y," Office and Library

entered the room, but were still nowhere near a settlement, and it was already their supper time. The vehemence of the speakers reminded me more of an American president-nominating national convention than anything else I could think of. The accusers admitted that they had not first obtained the consent of their own section to bring this matter before the whole class. So I had to bring the incident to a close by ruling that the joint meeting had no authority to deal with it.

At the junior high school age, mutual trust, the basis of successful coöperation between the members of any community, is one of the hardest lessons to be learned. Apparently the history or the psychology

Yü Ying Boys and Their Own Radio Set

of the Chinese people makes this lesson much more difficult for the boys here to learn than for boys in the West. But through these class government organizations—whether you include them as a part of the religious education program or not—we are trying to help them to learn to trust each other.

Most of the boys in Yü Ying School come from families that are financially able to carry their schooling beyond the junior high school. We do not think, therefore, that our curriculum should aim at vocational training during the junior high school years, but we do plan to make it possible for them to become intelligently informed about the actual conditions in a representative variety of vocations. For example, many of our boys have been inclined to seek work in the Chinese post office. Once employed there, the job is assured during good behavior and the pay is regular. But last year a group of our boys visited the Peking post office and studied it from the vocational standpoint. They discovered that for most of its employees it is a blind alley institution. It was very much worth while for them to thus learn to evaluate the vocational field in which they seek to begin their life work by the test of the opportunity it offers for growth in service, as well as by its financial returns.

It is hard to estimate the loss to China, and to the Christian community in particular, through the death or invalidism of young people who have just completed their schooling. Only in recent years, and in a few schools, has much of a beginning been made in the care of the health of Chinese school children. Last year in America, I dreamed of starting a modest health program for the Yü Ying boys after I returned to Peking. Imagine my delight when I arrived and found that the China Medical Board, Department of Public Health, had already inaugurated in our community a public health demonstration center. They are coöperating with the schools and the police in this precinct, to demonstrate what might be done for the whole city. They gave every one of our six hundred and fifty students a thorough physical examination and provided inoculations and vaccinations. They also aided all who needed to have minor operations performed and glasses fitted. During the spring a smallpox epidemic visited Peking. Only one of our students was caught by it. Upon investigation, we found that his parents had refused permission for him to be vaccinated in the school clinic. How many other victims there might have been had not the school doctors and nurses immunized the boys and girls, one dare not say.

Since our religious education program has to be

Yü Ying Library

extracurricular, it is natural that I should find a large sphere of activity in the field of the boys' leisure time. There is very little planned social life for adults in the typical Chinese home. Outside of the home, it consists mostly of gambling, drinking, eating, and visiting the theater. In Yü Ying School, we have had basket ball and squash ball for the boys for a number of years. But not all of them like these two games, and after they leave school they will not have any courts on which to play. So we have started several clubs to encourage hobbies that they can carry through life, and, as shown, their taste for recreational reading is being cultivated.

One Chinese pastor raises beautiful flowers. He came from a family that had suffered much with t. b. He determined to avoid that for himself, and made flower gardening his hobby to keep himself fit physically. We drafted him to teach the boys floriculture. They learned from him things that they never could have learned from books. At the end of the school year, the individual flowerbeds reported the characters of their boy cultivators much more accurately and naturally than the school marks did! Another pastor is an expert photographer. He initiated another group of boys into the fascinating mysteries of picture making.

As an antidote to the deadly dullness of ordinary school lessons, a free-activities room was established. With twenty dollars appropriated for it by the Principal, we installed some simple work benches and some Chinese tools. This room was thrown open to all the boys that cared enough about it to pay a ten-cent registration fee, and every day for one or two hours outside of school hours they could bring the materials that they themselves provided and make anything they wanted to. Many of them first made ping pong paddles. As they acquired greater skill they advanced to doll furniture, bookcases, simple laboratory apparatus, and radio sets. Their interest in their problems of construction with boards and nails was really not nearly as great as mine in the character forming situations that the workshop provided. In the tiny room which was given us, bodily collisions were bound to occur. This gave them practice in being good-natured under trying circumstances. The virtue of patience had to be cultivated to enable ten students to share the four carpenters' planes, which were all we could afford to provide!

OUR NEW ARMENIAN PARTNERS

The Armenian Executive Council Begins To Function

BY SECRETARY MABEL E. EMERSON

IN the November *Missionary Herald* an account was given of the very significant action taken by the Prudential Committee on September 27, 1927, when the Board agreed to pass over to the Armenian Executive Council responsibility for its work among Armenians in Syria and Greece, and in the Russian Caucasus, except such institutions as are now under the management and control of American Board missionaries.

The Council is organized with headquarters in New York City. Five of its members are appointed by the Armenian Missionary Association and three by the American Board. The Armenian representatives are Mr. G. T. Pushman of Chicago, Rev. A. A. Bedikian, Rev. M. T. Kalaidjian, Rev. H. H. Krikorian, Mr. John Mushekian. The representatives of the American Board are Rev. Carl M. Gates of the Prudential Committee, Secretary Ernest W. Riggs, and Secretary Mabel E. Emerson.

The Executive Council had its first meeting on November 1, 1927, in New York, at which time Mr. Pushman was elected Chairman; Rev. A. A. Bedikian, Executive Secretary; and Mr. Frederick A. Gaskins, Treasurer.

The Armenian representatives on the Council are men of deep purpose and high achievement. Merely to know something of their life stories is to have a new appreciation of the constructive work of the American Board among Armenians in the Near East for over a century, for these men are the product of our educational institutions in Turkey.

Mr. Pushman was born in Diarbekir and educated at Euphrates College, Harpoot. He is now a leading merchant of Oriental rugs in Chicago. He is a member of the North Shore Congregational Church and is interested in many religious and philanthropic organizations. He founded the Armenian Educational Society of America and is now the President of the Armenian Missionary Association.

The Rev. A. A. Bedikian graduated from Robert College and spent five years as a teacher there before coming to America, where he has received his PH.B., his M.A., and his B.D. from the University of Chicago. Since 1915 he has been pastor of the Armenian Evangelical Church of New York City.

The Rev. M. T. Kalaidjian received his early training at St. Paul's Institute, Tarsus, and after coming to America, did graduate work at Union Theological Seminary and Columbia University. He holds two degrees from Yale and has given several years to pastoral work in Armenian churches. He has served as Secretary of the Armenian Missionary Association and also of the Armenian Department of the Y. M. C. A. in New York City, where he has been in close touch with immigrants of his own race. He is now working under the Congregational Home Missionary Society as a kind of pastor at large for

the Armenians in America, and serves also as Armenian Secretary of the Near East Relief.

Central Turkey College at Aintab graduated Rev. H. H. Krikorian. He also graduated from the Yale Divinity School, and after returning to Turkey, was a Professor of Philosophy and Ethics in Central Turkey College. He became editor of the *Rahnuma*, a weekly Turkish Armenian paper published in Constantinople, and was pastor of the Turkish speaking Armenian Church in that city. At the present time he is engaged in publishing the same paper here in the United States.

Mr. John Mushekian was born in Harpoot and graduated from the Theological Department in Euphrates College. He served for some time as a teacher and preacher, and later came to this country, where he is now the leading Armenian dealer in real estate investments in New York City. Like the other members of this group, he has been an active worker in the Armenian Missionary Association, of which he is now the Treasurer.

On January 1, 1928, the Council began to function as the responsible body for the administration of our Armenian work in Greece and Syria. The Council is responsible not only for the administration of the work on the field, but also for the cultivation of interest among the constituency of the Armenian Missionary Association and the American Board.

With such a group of Armenian leaders as this, no friend of the great work of the American Board among Armenians can fear for its future.

"NOW IT CAN BE TOLD"

How Ellen Stone's Ransom Money Reached the Brigands

The daily press has published far and wide the word of the passing of Ellen M. Stone in Chelsea, Mass., December 13, at the age of eighty-one. It has recalled the sensational kidnapping episode which made Miss Stone the widest known missionary in the world during 1901–02. After eleven years on the staff of "The Congregationalist," Ellen Stone went to the Balkans in 1878 as a missionary of the Board and quietly pursued her work until she was seized by a band of Macedonian revolutionists, and with her companion, wife of an Albanian pastor, was kept in captivity for 172 days. A ransom of $66,200 in gold was raised by popular subscription in response to an appeal from the American Board. Wide publicity was given to these facts at the time and many of our readers will recall the circumstances, but the story of how the ransom money was paid over to the brigands could not be told publicly until long afterward. It has never before been published in the "Missionary Herald," but it is worth giving now to our readers as a very dramatic chapter of missionary history.

TURKEY was fearful that if the ransom money was paid over on Turkish territory, she would be held responsible for the kidnapping. Therefore the Government was determined to see to it that no such transfer was made. To do this they surrounded the two envoys, William W. Peet of the Turkey Mission, and Mr. Garguilo, an interpreter attached to the American Legation, with about one hundred soldiers. Wherever the two men went, the soldiers went, too. This increased a hundredfold the difficulties of getting in touch with the brigands and making plans for turning the money over to them.

Newspaper correspondents also dogged the steps of the two men and added still more to their perplexities, because, eager to get every bit of news, they wired every move to America or England, and this was cabled back to the Balkans either by the Associated Press or by friends of the brigands in these countries. Plans were continually upset because of this publicity. Finally, Dr. Peet and his comrade made arrangements through Dr. John H. House, an American Board missionary who knew the language and the country, to meet the brigands in a certain village.

The plan which in the end succeeded was carried out in this manner. Dr. House made his contacts with the brigands and in some way communicated with Mr. Peet, setting a certain day on which the meeting should take place. Going to the village selected, Dr. House, in the familiar rôle of a traveling missionary, made his headquarters at a place situated on the outskirts of the town near where the thick woods ran down to the village.

The envoys arrived about two days ahead of the schedule and during a Turkish festival period. They stayed in a hotel, so called, constantly under guard. This guard, under the pretense of protecting them, closely watched their movements. It was known that they had with them 240 pounds (in weight) of gold. This had been sewed in black oil-skin bags and was brought on two mules. Mr. Peet wrote:—

"The house in which we lodged with the chief commander of the troops and several of his aids was under an armed guard; the streets were watched and over 200 soldiers were quartered about us. We had not only to get the money to the brigands without detection, but our baggage must not show any loss of weight. This was the problem which the

brigands gave us. We had to solve it to their satisfaction to secure our captives. The money was paid to the brigands by the full committee within almost a stone's cast of the troops. When two days later we left the locality, none save the members of the committee knew that the valises sent us by the Ottoman Bank, the appearance and weight of which remained unchanged, had been opened and payment made and a pledge for Miss Stone's delivery taken from the men who held her in custody."

How did they ever manage to do it? Mr. Peet and his friend wore large fur overcoats with pockets sewed on the inside. In the seclusion of their room, they began to transfer the gold in small lumps to these pockets. They would go out, mingle with the crowd, visit the cottage where Dr. House was staying, and leave the gold. The village was near a lead mine, and before going back to their lodgings, they refilled the pockets with lead. This process went on for two days.

Then they sewed up the bags, taking care to make the stitches identical with the old marks, and on the final night left the inn, cautioning the guard at the door that they were going to be out late and that he had best keep a keen eye out, for there was much value in the room. The guard winked knowingly.

Once at Dr. House's cottage, the transaction was carried through with the brigands, who sat holding their guns on their knees. Mr. Peet and his companion were required to swear not to reveal the name of the village in which the transaction took place. Then the men returned to their rooms, and the next morning notified the Turkish officers that they had given up and were going back to Constantinople.

There was some suspicion apparently, because when the soldiers lifted the bags they looked at each other knowingly and nodded their heads, as if to say, "It's all right; it is still here!" The mission was particularly dangerous for these two men, because it would have been an easy matter for the Turkish troops to kill them and to report that they had been accidentally shot during an encounter with the brigands.

On the way back to the railway, Mr. Peet was hailed by one of the English correspondents who had been particularly obnoxious about interfering. "I am sorry for you, Mr. Peet," said he; "it must be very humiliating to have the whole adventure fizzle in this way." Mr. Peet, with difficulty, refrained from laughing in the man's face and, in order to cover up his amusement, glared fiercely at the correspondent and shouted, "Never mention this matter to me again!"

Two Views of Miss Stone

In 1878

Just beginning her work in Bulgaria

In 1902

Just after her release by the brigands

The newspaper man wired his paper that the adventure had failed because incompetent men were sent to negotiate it. "I have followed those bags up," said he, "over hill and down dale and nothing has happened to them." A few weeks later this same correspondent entered Mr. Peet's office in Constantinople and apologized for what he had said.

The adventure was not yet finished, however, for on the trip back with the lead certain suspicious travelers on the train frightened the carriers so, that while crossing a bridge they dumped the contents into the river. Consequently the bags were empty upon arriving in Constantinople and it took a great deal of explaining and diplomacy to account for appearances and to appease officials.

The brigands promised to return Miss Stone to friends as soon as possible, but they were handicapped because of the Turkish army. After three weeks they left her within half a mile of a small town, Strumitsa, on the railroad where she wired Dr. House, who at once went to her and escorted her to Salonica. Her sojourn with the kidnappers lasted about six months.

FOREIGN MISSIONS UNDER FIRE

TALKING IT OVER WITH THE CRITICS

A Series of Articles in Dialogue Form

By SECRETARY CORNELIUS H. PATTON

DIALOGUE NUMBER 2

Time: December, 1927.

Place: Secretary's Office in the Congregational House, Boston.

Persons: The Pastor of a City Church, the Chairman of his Missionary Committee, a Secretary of a Mission Board.

Pastor. Well, here I am again, and I have brought Mr. Dean with me because he is chairman of our Missionary Committee and wishes to get some pointers on the foreign work. He agrees with me that our people, especially our men, need a lot of educating.

Chairman. When my pastor told me of his talk with you last week I suggested that we make a list of all the objections we had heard or could draw out of certain people in the Church who are inclined to stand off, along with any criticisms we might run across in our reading. We have listed twelve.

Secretary. Good! I hope you brought the list with you.

Pastor. We certainly did! It reinforces my belief that there is some fundamental reason for these criticisms.

Secretary. I have been thinking about that, and have come to the conclusion that this critical attitude toward missions is but one more sign that we are living in an age of revolt, when pretty much everything we have revered in the past is under fire.

Then, you must remember, the smart set among the literary folk is opposed to foreign missions as it is to everything idealistic in religion. These writers know their public: a character like the parson-hero of "Rain" or "Elmer Gantry" is what the stage people call "sure-fire" stuff.

Chairman. Like the stage Irishman, the mother-in-law joke and prohibition.

Secretary. Exactly! However, of more moment are the observations of the tourists who go roaming around the world. If you would form an estimate of the opinions of the typical globe-trotter read those pages in Selden's "Are Missions a Failure?" (published by Revell), in which he pays his "respects" to the modern tourist. It is rich! Selden, you know, was sent out by the *Ladies' Home Journal* to investigate missionary work. Starting with a complete outfit of the modern Western layman's preconceived notions, prejudices, and scepticism, he returned an enthusiast for missions.

Pastor. But surely there are Church people on these round-the-world trips—men and women who have been contributing to missions all their lives, who care enough to look up our missions as they pass through a country like India or Japan?

Secretary. Yes indeed! There are a few such. Let me read what one of them has recently said. He is Charles E. Jefferson, D.D., of New York, and this is the report he gave to the people of the Broadway Tabernacle upon his return:—

"I came home with renewed faith in the ultimate victory of the missionary enterprise. I am more certain than ever before that the principles of Christ are to permeate and dominate the life of the entire world. Christian ideas are in the air. Christian ideals are before the eyes. The Christian spirit is abroad, working miracles beyond the frontiers of organized Christianity. Our missionaries are doing a work which we cannot see or measure. They are putting in the leaven. They are putting it in at ten thousand different points. The leaven is at work. Some day the whole lump will be leavened."

Pastor. How about the foreign students in America; do they account in any measure for the present hue and cry?

Secretary. Yes, they do, God bless them! I don't class them with the feverish *literati* or with the globe-trotters; they are patriotic and dead in earnest. What has started them on the wrong tack is the claim of "Nordic superiority." You will find them opposed to all forms of what they consider "Western domination," and they lash the missionaries along with all other Occidentals.

But on this subject read the article "Why Missions?" by Dr. Thomas Jesse Jones in *Current History.* Written by one who knows, a scholarly and judicial expert, it will serve to answer a good many of these questions. It has been issued in leaflet form by the Foreign Missions Conference of North America, 419 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Chairman. I think we shall have to circulate that leaflet in our church.

Secretary. While we are on the reasons for the present outbreak, let me call your attention to two facts. It started with the China revolution last winter and the resulting withdrawal of the missionaries. You recall our discussing that situation last week. The setback in the work, which for a time was very serious, provided just the excuse for criticism hostile-minded correspondents and other writers

had craved: "The whole structure of missions in China has collapsed!"

The other fact is the intelligent way in which the British press stood by the missionary enterprise. Either their correspondents were of fairer minds, or the British public was too well informed on foreign affairs to make such attacks as we experienced possible. The present outcry is an essentially American phenomenon.

Now shall we have that list of objections?

Pastor. Here they are: Work enough at home; Charity begins at home; save America first; the heathen are getting along very well as they are; the missionaries are not wanted; it takes a dollar to get a dollar to the heathen; denominational rivalry is killing the work; nothing is being accomplished; impossible to convert the non-Christian masses; the missionaries are mollycoddles; the missionaries are using the wrong approach; the missionaries are seeking to impose Western customs and institutions upon Oriental peoples.

Secretary. Of course, you know most of those objections are old stuff. They sound like the objections cited in the Massachusetts Legislature when the Board applied for a charter in 1812, and on the strength of which the charter was for a time refused by both houses.

Pastor. I remember something of the story but I would like to have an authentic account.

Secretary. You will find it told in full in the Memorial Volume published in connection with the Board's Jubilee in 1861.

The chief objector was Benjamin Crowninshield of Salem, afterwards Secretary of the Navy under President Madison. He had been in the East, and he represented the conduct of the missionaries as unworthy and their labors as worse than useless. He argued that the project of sending money out of the country for their support when it was so much needed at home was to be reprobated.

The case was put even more bluntly by a senator who characterized the measure as designed to afford means of exporting religion, whereas there was none to spare at home. That was the time the famous reply was made that "religion was a commodity of which the more we exported, the more we had remaining."

Chairman. I shall take pleasure in repeating that bit of history to some of our parochially minded church members. But how about the answers to some of these objections? "Takes a dollar to get a dollar to the heathen," for instance?

Secretary. That question or its equivalent is thrust at me about once a month. I tell the objectors that in the leading foreign mission boards the cost of administration varies from 7 per cent to 14 per cent, according to circumstances.

Pastor. What circumstances?

Secretary. Certain boards have endowments which help toward the cost of administration; others have their rent free; others are justified in charging a proportion of administration to field expense; while yet others are so involved in coöperative measures of promotion at the home base that it is difficult to name any percentage of cost.

Chairman. From my experience as a business man, I should regard the percentages you name as exceedingly low.

Secretary. A life-insurance man remarked to me the other day that the overhead of his company was more than double ours. He wondered if we would not get more money if we expended more in publicity.

Pastor. I wish you would give me a concise answer to the charge that there is work enough at home.

Secretary. The best thing I have seen was printed by one of our pastors on his church calendar recently:—

"There will be much more need for work at home if we don't take hold of foreign missions in an earnest way."

I know of another pastor who told his people that the reflex influence of foreign missions upon the home churches would alone justify the entire cost of the enterprise.

A mighty good book to read in this connection is "Changing Foreign Missions" by Professor McAfee of McCormick Theological Seminary; it answers practically all of the stock objections and it brings the foreign enterprise down to date.

Pastor. We have not touched what you would call the "new stuff" on our list. Could we have another try at it?

Secretary. Delighted. How would the same hour next Monday do?

THE STUDENT VOLUNTEER CONVENTION AT DETROIT: A SYMPOSIUM

The following are some reports of the Tenth Quadrennial Convention of the Student Volunteer Convention held in Detroit December 28, 1927, to January 1, 1928. They represent different points of view, as well as different aspects of the conference—though by no means are they intended to be more than personal impressions of a much discussed meeting.

PERSONNEL AT DETROIT

BY CANDIDATE SECRETARY WILLIAM H. McCANCE

A RISING tide of missionary interest and an enthusiasm for greater Christian effort at home, as well as abroad, characterized the convention. This was evident not in emotionalism, but in the clear thinking and conviction on the part of the 3,000 delegates and more from all parts of the world.

Among the notable speakers from other lands who introduced new elements into our thinking and added a new emphasis which will mean new life to the movement as well as to the whole missionary enterprise, were: Dr. Henry T. Hodgkin and Dr. Francis G. Wei of China, and Dr. W. S. Holland of India.

The need of Christianizing the social order at home was placed beside the need for Christian missionaries abroad in the lands where Jesus is not yet known. In this new era, we are not to think of the missionary movement in terms of geographical areas, but in terms of areas of life.

Leading Christians from other nations who made valuable contributions to the life and thought of the convention were the following: Max Yergan, National Y. M. C. A. Secretary, South Africa; Akintunde Depcolu, graduate of Talladega College and now a student in Chicago Seminary, Africa; Mrs. Paul Appasamy of Madras, India; Roy H. Akagi, Japan; W. Y. Chen, China; Hashim Hussein, Turkey; Mrs. Induk Kim, Korea.

The returned missionaries included: Miss Mildred Welch from China, Dr. Frank Laubach from the Philippines, Dr. John Mackay from Peru and Mr. Norman Taylor from Mexico. These speakers gave vivid accounts of the work of the church overseas and of the meaning of Christ in their own lives.

Dr. Albert W. Beaven of Rochester, N. Y., Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr of Detroit and Dr. Mordecai Johnson brought old truths in new ways. Drs. John R. Mott, Robert E. Speer and Sherwood Eddy—what would an S. V. M. Convention be without them?—Rev. Henry P. Van Dusen and other student leaders were representative of the younger generation which, dissatisfied with things as they are, has dedicated itself to the task of making Christ known the world around.

Great credit is due Mr. Jesse R. Wilson, the new General Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, and to E. Fay Campbell, the chairman of the Program Committee; to the Hon. Edwin Derby, chairman, and Dr. Chester Emerson, vice-chairman, of the Detroit committee, for the smoothness and effectiveness with which the convention was handled.

Two plays, "The Color Line" and "Kerbala," featured one afternoon's session. The exhibit room, with booths and materials of world-wide interest, was an added feature of a convention which sought to meet every need and interest of the delegate in the spirit of Jesus Christ.

LISTENING IN AT DETROIT

BY FOREIGN SECRETARY ROBERT E. CHANDLER

"NO subject having to do with the Christian enterprise in all the world will be barred from question and free discussion in this conference." Thus spoke Fay Campbell of Yale in opening the Tenth Quadrennial Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement at Detroit. It was evident that we were not to have any "master mind" or combination of "master minds" take the reins at the start and hold them closely till the end. The chairman's promise was kept. Real freedom was given to the students, even to wander if they chose. They did not wander much.

Colloquia or discussion groups of about one hundred members each were divided off and met an hour a day for four days consecutively. A certain number of "counselors" met with the students in each colloquium. They were not expected to speak unless called upon. The resources of the convention—and these were abundant—could be called in for use at the points needed. Questions were sometimes invited in the main auditorium itself and answered from the platform. The fact of this continuing free interplay between the thoughts of the young students and those who were trying to lead was a stimulus both to listeners and speakers.

One of the questions raised early was, "If we

send missionaries to those of other religions, should they send missionaries to us? Would we welcome them?" The answer was usually affirmative. One colloquium eagerly accepted the opportunity to listen to a Mohammedan who was present in the convention and willing to talk about his religion. He did so in clear fashion and with high appreciation of Christianity as well.

No resolutions were passed by the delegates, but one student was appointed to sum up on the last day the opinions or convictions reached. These may perhaps be described under four heads.

1. We are dissatisfied with the present status of Western Christianity. Especially when we compare it with Christ, with what He lived and taught. We have no dissatisfaction with Him. We are more concerned with Christ than ever before. We are concerned, and critical, about the missionary enterprise, but we do believe in missions of all sorts. Every real Christian is a missionary. We shall continue to be concerned, and critically, about missions.

2. The work of missions is a process of sharing. There is a mutuality in the whole enterprise. It is not a one-way affair. We expect to receive many values. We desire to give what we have that is of value.

3. We are not interested in some of the old distinctions. The distinction between home and foreign missions has broken down. We don't want denominationalism. We want some sort of church unity.

4. It is personal conviction and personal influence that wins in Christian missions. Making friends is vastly more important than gaining proselytes. We have to examine all our methods and all our connections. We cannot resist evil with evil. The end does not justify the means. The Christian who is totally devoted has something springing up in him which must come out. This breaks down the barrier between himself and other selves.

The mutuality so frequently expressed and desired in the speeches was beautifully illustrated in the convention personnel, and not among the speakers alone. Chinese and Japanese, and Indian and Turk, and African and American Negro were all there. Their contribution of thought, and still more of vital personality, was rich day after day. A Korean girl, now a student in a Southern state, stood on the platform and bubbled with humor and cheer and good will. She said: "One of the greatest discoveries of the twentieth century thus far has been that of the Korean women and children"—and the audience were ready to agree with her right there. "I was a prisoner in Korea, in solitary confinement six months for my political opinions," she added, "and it was during that experience that I found Jesus Christ."

No other one person brought a larger contribution to the convention than Dr. Henry T. Hodgkin, who had come directly from China for it. Those who know him will not be surprised at this. He had the sole address on the closing Sunday evening, "The Place of the Cross of Christ in the Missionary Motive and Message." His passion for intellectual honesty and truth, the reserve and care with which he spoke to those eager young men and women on this deep subject, as well as the strength of his convictions about "the indispensable Christ," were very impressive.

So the meeting closed in an earnest quietness. There was no high, emotional stress, although there was a deep, emotional stream. Student Volunteer pledge cards were not used during the days at Detroit. The delegates were urged to see the world's need as it is and to go home and think over their own relationship to it.

There was splendid singing, and some newer hymns coming in as favorites. "Gather us in, thou Love that fillest all, Gather our rival faiths within thy fold," was one. But a deep, binding experience was the singing of spirituals on the last afternoon and evening. A man stood on the platform, not imposing in appearance. He was incredibly thin and tall and incredibly black. His tenor voice rose in liquid sweetness in the spirituals. A hush came over the whole gathering. They were ready to join with him, to pray themselves in the simple words, "Lord, I want to be a Christian, Lord, I want to be more loving in my heart." And there, without physical movement or any mechanics of chorus leading, but just under the spell of one voice, the whole three thousand sang softly and tenderly, earnestly, as one. Could any but a Negro have done this?

IMPRESSIONS OF A NON-VOLUNTEER

By JEANNETTE LAMPSON, Boston University

1. Conference a real inspiration. Fine, earnest group of students. Impressed by faces and manner. Thrill in being part of such a group. All barriers were down, all artificialities cast off and every effort made to go to the root of things.

2. Colloquia disappointing and seemed weakest part. Time wasted on minor theological points and lacking for more important issues.

3. Too little student participation in early part of program and too much in latter part. Should have been a more even balance. Students could not handle things impressively when given a free hand. Both sides needed.

4. Van Dusen's speech particularly helpful. "Can a man be a business man and a Christian?" No, that implies divided allegiance. Shift emphasis. "Where do my abilities lie, and how best may I serve?"

5. Conference made missions intellectually respectable and not merely sentimental. Put all religious service on a higher level and gave clearer vision. Was impressed by whole philosophy of shar-

ing, and the lack of separation between "home" and "foreign" work. Merely a question of where each one can best serve. Need for deep and strong conviction before one should offer himself for foreign service; not merely a wish to help.

6. Conference especially valuable to those who do not intend to volunteer for foreign service, because it gave them better perspective for the whole task, made their purpose more dynamic and driving, and rekindled their spiritual motives.

7. Evident that attending students were thinking deeply. Southern Negro student asked help in meeting questions of his brothers who realized difference between promises of Christianity and opportunities given them by Christians. Constant emphasis on need of universal brotherhood.

8. Emphasis laid on intellectual and spiritual results of personal contacts. Not what we say, but what our life shows those we touch. Chinese can tell in two weeks whether or not one will make good missionary, by one's very atmosphere and smile. Inspiration grows out of dynamic personality more often than from education. Supplement each with other. *Formal education* would never convince me of value of missions as completely as did the contacts with these young missionaries at the convention.

NOW AND THIRTY-FOUR YEARS AGO AT DETROIT

By DR. F. F. TUCKER
Medical Missionary to China

THE convention was quiet, deep, dynamic. It was of, for, and by the present student generation. Prayer, plans, and pains had not been spared, and the results so far are all that one could wish. The remote fruition will appear in the years and generations to come—unto the uttermost parts of the earth.

The student today is thinking, and thinking straight—more unafraid than a generation ago to dare, and to fare forth to apply his convictions. The potential men and women leaders of the generation now to the front in student life, the Crusaders of the present, are as sure to be heard from as they are to be relied on to help in bringing in the Kingdom the world around.

China representatives seemed to expect opposition to their claim for equal treaties, elimination of the inferiority complex, and abolishment of protection by force for the missionary, but the convention was remarkably unanimous in its approval, by applause and otherwise, of the Chinese viewpoint. There was a realization of the difficulty which Canada and the United States would experience in dealing with their commercial nationals, but international friendship was regarded as far the best cudgel. Theology as such was at a discount, but there was little disposition to throw aside any aid to an understanding of "The Way" of Christ.

Thirty-four years before, I attended a similar gathering in Detroit—but what a contrast! Then, the delegates, a few hundred only, were all "Student Volunteers," and in the intervening generation the Christian world (if there be such) has moved far. Then, personalities stood out, whereas today principles and foundation truth predominated. Since Detroit 1894, some 12,000 volunteers have gone to the field. We have gone far in that period, and the emphasis has changed, but the challenge seems all the more thorough and appealing. This convention called for no student to make any declaration of his intention to share in the stupendous tasks ahead—that was left for him to decide with his Maker, but surely some 3,500 choice youth were galvanized into live wires, and heat and light throughout the United States and Canada, extending later the world around, can but result.

COMPARING IT WITH DES MOINES

By MILDRED WELCH
Methodist missionary from China, who spoke at the Convention

THE Student Volunteer Quadrennial Convention is closed, and more than three thousand students have returned to their respective campuses, carrying back with them varied impressions. For the great majority the Detroit convention will stand out as a turning point in their lives.

Eight years ago, in Des Moines, the watchword "Evangelization of the World in This Generation" still held a prominent place. Two weeks ago in Detroit there was hardly a voice which proclaimed that our aim as missions should be the evangelization of the world in this or any other generation, but rather, that our task was the christianizing of our own and all other civilizations in this and all generations. It is remarkable that the transition in emphasis has been made so rapidly and so completely. The students at Detroit were not so much interested in great, undeveloped, untouched fields, as in the fields at home and abroad, nominally "conquered" for Christ, but in actuality non-Christian, and non-Christian, moreover, because of the inconsistent lives led by Christians.

There was strong emphasis, both on the floor of the convention and in the group discussion, on racial problems and campus situations. The students were thoughtful, open-minded and earnest in their questions and their treatment of the problems arising for discussion. There was a general attitude of

"Well, if all this is so, what can we do about it *now?*" There was no strong, emotional appeal made in the convention, a fact which the students seemed to appreciate. There was little oratory, but a great deal of straight-forward speaking. Student bodies, leaders of students, and missions have gone a long way in eight years, and the road ahead is still longer. These facts the students sensed keenly. There was often the question, "Will Mission Boards accept and support us if we go out with the viewpoint that gunboats and military protection are wrong, and that power and authority should no longer be assumed by us, but taken by the national church, to whom, for whom, and under whom we go?" The question should be seriously considered and answered by our mission-governing bodies in all denominations.

The Fundamentalist-Modernist controversy raised its head several times, but did not take a prominent place in student discussions. There was an earnest desire on the part of the students, however, to discuss the Christian religion, its unique position among the religions of the day, and philosophical questions had their place.

The outlook for the Church and for missions seems never brighter than at present if these institutions will heed the voice of youth as it made itself heard in Detroit, and form their policies for the future, looking through the eyes of youth.

SAID AT DETROIT

SOME of the thoughts expressed here are quoted, though quotation marks are omitted. Nearly every sentence is by a different speaker. In some cases nationality is given. These evidence a clear intention to get at the heart of things.

We (said a Hindu) are able to discover the real Jesus better than the people of the West, Jesus being an Oriental.

A Chinese: We need you in China because we want to profit by your mistakes as well as your successes. While we need you, we are not idle.

A medical volunteer: We go as an offering of love, as free agents save as He guides—we want no other protection.

Missionaries are far ahead in the matter of church unity—they will hasten the day of a united and effective church.

China needs 100,000 trained physicians.

We must pull or push or get out of the way. Don't be sitting down Christians.

An African: We need a God that has no color psychosis.

There is a place where I will count for most, and that is God's will for my life. If we are going to discover our niche, we have to discover the world as God sees the world.

Creating a new world is an age-long process; be patient.

In this country God is "available" if one wishes, but abroad He often is not even known.

A cablegram from China: Make Christianity vital in all China, and in this endeavor Chinese youth feel a keen fellowship.

A Chinese letter inquires, "What are you doing *at* America?" What, indeed!

Workers are needed, not leaders.

If your church is asleep and in debt, adopt a missionary and you will revive and survive.

Without the inner glow of Jesus' life, it is not worth while for any to go to the mission field.

A Japanese: A foreign Christ would never do for us—he must be Japanized. And give us not a mere 70 years, but 500 years.

A Chinese: Confucianism needs a new soul, and that soul is Jesus Christ.

What we do speaks much louder than what we say. Every man is really a missionary—for weal or for woe.

The missionary has no office hours—Nicodemus came after hours.

Many believe in God, but make him merely the harmless adornment of a comfortable life.

We are too nationalist to be fully Christian, and the missionary enterprise is going to be held back till it brings again the real and original Jesus to us.

A diplomat: The missionaries I admired on the field I remember, and I have forgotten the others.

Paul met trouble with a sermon on love.

A Chinese: Every Christian is a missionary till the Church is triumphant. The Buddhists came to China without "protection," and whence this need for Christianity?

The missionary goes to take God, and he finds Him there.

A China delegate: Jesus fulfills the highest aspiration of the Chinese mind.

Hinduism is hungry for forgiveness, and Christ today is the only clear moral standard.

A Chinese: For long the East will look to the West for aid in developing native Christian leaders, and the message must not be merely intellectual and professional.

We cannot quit the field of missionary effort and remain Christian.

This is an age when people love to criticize—it's the cheapest form of indoor sport.

Now we have the greatest opportunity the world has seen to inoculate the Chinese church with the living Christ.

A colored delegate: The United States theology is not exportable.

We need to share to save ourselves.

The world is filled with international misunderstandings and with searching suspicions, but the nations call for international love. We must deal with the *causes* of misunderstanding.

Missionaries are the great pioneers, adventurers, and ambassadors in the field of international relations.

THE SOCIAL GOSPEL AND GOLD MINERS

By RAY E. PHILLIPS

The third of a series of articles by Mr. Phillips of Johannesburg, South Africa

NOT far from Johannesburg is a small town by the name of Lindley—named after Rev. Daniel Lindley, one of the first missionaries to reach South Africa, some ninety years ago.

A PRODIGIOUS TASK

What was Dr. Lindley's task? Nothing less than that of preaching the transforming message of the Gospel to the widely scattered Bantu millions. It was a bold task, requiring rare consecration and courage, yet so difficult of accomplishment! To reach even a small proportion of these people during the span of a man's life meant endless hours of travel: travel on foot along paths winding in and out, over hills, beside small streams and larger rivers, to reach a dozen huts, a score or so of native folk; travel on horseback or muleback occasionally; with only a few hundreds of native folk visited, only a few of the uncounted thousands of villages touched, at the close of a week's touring.

We can imagine that some of the early itinerating missionaries as they went their solitary ways through the land might, unconsciously, perhaps, have breathed this prayer: "Oh, Lord, if Thou wouldst only bring these people together in some great place where Thy word might be preached to thousands instead of twos and threes and tens!"

If this prayer was ever prayed, it has been answered in wonderful fashion. Today, thousands of the Bantu people are gathered together in one great place. Representatives of every tribe, the young men of every village and almost of every home, are gathered into one tremendous center where the Gospel may be preached unto them.

A Johannesburg Mine

THE GOLD MINES

This place is Johannesburg. And the most evident reason for the gathering is not that they may be preached to, but that they may descend into the depths of the earth and mine the precious yellow stuff which the white man prizes so highly—Gold. For here at Johannesburg thirty-five great mining corporations are releasing, annually, $200,000,000 worth of gold, sending long mine shafts down into the Witwatersrand (the White Waters Ridge) to depths of 7,000 feet and over.

Most of these great mines are what mining men call "low-grade," the gold being so thinly distributed through the rock that only cheap labor can make them pay. This cheap labor is available in the persons of millions of black men from the Bantu tribes. And they come by hundreds of thousands to do the rough, heavy work of getting vast quantities of gold-bearing rock from the subterranean regions. Evidences of their energy and willingness to work are: great yellow bars of gold, destined for vaults in London or New York; vast mountains rivaling the Pyramids in size, and representing the residue of crushed rock after the gold has been extracted.

On the great Johannesburg ridge or hill, 6,000 feet above the sea, 180,000 Bantu men are at work at any one time in the gold mines. These young fellows come for a limited stay, their contract calling for 180 shifts, or about seven months, of work. At the end of this contract period they are urged by the mine management to return home in order that they may rid their lungs of the mine dust which they have been breathing, and which is the cause of "Miners' Phthisis," a terrible, lingering, lung disease. But if these workers return to the mines again before the end of four months after their departure for home, they are given a bonus in the shape of an increase in wages; this induces many of them to return to the mines again and again.

A UNIVERSITY OF CRIME

But here is the picture: a horde of men, all young and mostly heathen, gathered from a dozen tribes and speaking as many tongues; away from home, from parents, children, wives; and face to face with the sordid side of the white man's civilization. I say "sordid" side because it is the lowest white man with whom the black man comes the closest into contact. He hears the white man's oaths, feels his fists if he fails to please, is taught to like the white man's strong liquor and his gambling games; he learns the new vicious habits of civilization's underworld. He is readily admitted here because he has money to spend. Is it any wonder that Johannesburg has often been called "The University of Crime"? So many hun-

OUTSIDE A MINE

A MOUNTAIN OF SLAG

dreds of these young Africans become here more vicious and degraded than they ever were in the old heathen state.

My wife and I saw the picture painted in real living figures when we arrived in South Africa in 1918. Our guide was that great missionary and man of vision, Dr. F. B. Bridgman, the American Board representative at Johannesburg. In his company, on a pitch-dark night, we visited one of the great compounds, or enclosures, in which some 4,000 of these mine workers were staying. From the groups seated about their glowing fires rose a babel of sound, a buzz of language. The thousands of laborers seated just outside the doors of their rooms were resting from their day's work; were enjoying the heat from their burning braziers (barrels of tin, holes knocked in the sides, filled with coal); were talking, talking, talking! Hours and hours of talk, from four or five o'clock in the afternoon until bedtime. Nothing to talk about of a worth-while, wholesome nature. Just aimless talk.

"Well," we asked, "what is the devil doing to keep these fellows busy? This is too good a chance for him to lose. In a similar situation at home he would be on the job."

In answer, Dr. Bridgman showed us the gambling groups in the corner, entirely absorbed in their play for money; the cans full of strong drink carefully hidden to keep them from the watchful eyes of the police; the frequent covered enclosures within the rooms where unnatural vice was being practiced. The drinks interested us: common native drinks blended with pineapple juice, yeast, malt, etc., to give them a T. N. T. kick, and charged with calcium carbide and any other available ingredients, to give a biting taste. The names of the concoctions were significant: "Qed'iviki," "finish the week"—guaranteed to wipe out the week-end completely; "Kill-Me-Quick," a name we didn't have to have translated; "Raspberry," from its color, etc.

In one corner of the compound, weird, unusual noises issued forth, accompanied by the clapping of hands. We walked over, and saw a perspiring line of Basutos, almost naked, writhing, stamping, and grunting through a snake-like dance. Their straining muscles and staring eyes reminded us of what we had already heard of their religion of fear, and the dance as the way of approach to the world of spirits. They had brought with them to this great gold-mining center their whole world of evil spirits.

THEN A DOOR OPENED INTO ——

Then Dr. Bridgman quietly opened a door and we were in another atmosphere entirely. In this room was a sane, industrious group of some thirty young fellows hard at work learning their ABC's. A pathetic little blackboard was propped up on a rickety table, and one of the lot was leading the

THE CHALLENGE OF THE RAND

No place to spend leisure time except on the slum streets at the mines. What Christian missionary could fail to respond to the challenge for the provision of adequate recreational centers!

ANOTHER ONE OF THESE AFRICAN DANCES

others into that unexplored land of mystery, the white man's language.

"One of our church groups," Dr. Bridgman explained. "We have a room in each compound where our Christian boys have their prayer meetings and night schools." This was a link in the chain of some 150 meeting places, churches and chapels, which had been organized and built by him to provide spiritual lighthouses in these great areas. We were later to see something of the vast extent of this evangelistic enterprise, and to have some part in it through the following years.

We knelt in prayer with this earnest Christian group before we left, Dr. Bridgman praying in their language that they might be kept clean in the midst of so much contamination, and asking a blessing upon the parents and loved ones far away in the country districts.

As we went out past the gleaming, open fires, past the chatting groups, and stopped again to see the frenzied dancers, still at it, Dr. Bridgman said to us, "Remember that this is only one of many similar groups. There are sixty-one all told. And during long hours of leisure these young fellows have nothing else to do but go to the Devil! If we have anything in the way of Christian social service activities to project into this situation, which will give these young fellows something clean and wholesome to think about and talk about during these hours, we shall be rendering a signal Christian service. We must capture the physical and mental life of these young men during six days of the week, besides preaching the Gospel to them on the seventh."

AN EVANGELISTIC BAND ON THE RAND

WHEN BRIDGMAN PREACHED

EXPERIMENTING WITH RECREATIONAL METHODS

The need stared at us from every side. But we couldn't see much light when it came to method. We began our experiments. We provided ourselves with volley ball and football, got permission from two or three compound managers to visit their compounds, and then for several months tried to interest the men in afternoon athletics. But athletics in the late afternoon were a failure. The reason was the mountain of food eaten by each of the workers at about 4.30, immediately after they came up to the surface from underground. It was not until later in the evening, when this food had been partly digested, that the men wanted recreation. Of course, by that time it would be dark.

Then we turned to evening games—all sorts. Not only active games and stunts, but such quiet, old-fashioned games as "hunt the thimble" and "who's got the ring?" I never knew what a tremendous game the former was until I tried it on a thousand or more Bantu. It was tremendous; a circus of fun! These games were appreciated. Even today, six years and more after those evenings were abandoned,

individuals come to me with eager questions: "Yo buya nini, Mfundisi, ukuba si dhlale futi, kusihlwa? (When will you come back and play with us in the evenings?) Hawu, sa hleka ngalezozikati! (Wow! how we laughed at those times!)" But we always had in mind, even in the middle of a hot game, the other sixty compounds which we couldn't reach because of lack of helpers.

Then we tried the magic lantern. This, too, was popular, but open to the same objection: lack of helpers to reach the total group, and lack of suitable slides even if we got the workers.

Then we tried the "movies." We had been disturbed to see the erection of the first of a chain of commercial movie theaters right outside the gates of some of these compounds. We saw the kind of films which were being shown in these theaters—low grade, suggestive stuff that seemed to have been gleaned from the gutters of the world, the worst products of English, American and French studios.

We realized that we could do little, if anything, to deter our natives from attending these places by preaching against them, so we entered into competition. We bought a portable movie outfit, carefully selected some programs of films, and put on free shows right in the middle of the compound enclosures in the open air.

The result was immediate and gratifying. The thousands gathered round the screen and showed their appreciation by filling the compounds so full of joyful sound that outsiders often decided that a riot was occurring. With amazed delight the happy crowds went off on trips on the modern magic carpet to other lands: saw the surf riders of Honolulu, the explorers in the Arctic, the reindeer of Lapland, and the potter's wheel in India. They followed with quaking breath the adventures of some of the early pioneers among the Indians in Western America; saw King George go to open Parliament in his funny carriage. But they shook their heads at pictures of mining in England and America, showing white men with pick and shovel—"Ai kona! No, that is not right! Umfundisi is fooling us here. No white man works like that; only black men."

In my next article I shall tell you how Charlie Chaplin quelled a riot and prevented murder; and how a "missionary hater" became an enthusiastic friend.

ARTHUR ADAMS AND THE SCOUTS AT A TWILIGHT SERVICE

JUST A FRIENDLY BOUT AT THE BOY SCOUT CAMP

THE PRESS TO THE RESCUE

By DOROTHY P. CUSHING

A young Filipino's faith-venture, and what came of it, thanks to the American Press.

A CYNIC might call it Fate—mere Chance—but Venancio Madayag knew it was Faith that brought him across the thousands of miles that lie between the Philippines and the United States.

Twice, at least, in his interesting adventure, Madayag has had reason to give thanks for the Yankee press. Once on board the American freighter the *West Niger,* about which he speaks later, and again, quite recently, in connection with a *Boston Herald* story.

Night work in the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital makes Madayag's sleeping hours begin in the morning, but no amount of weariness could keep his eyes from seeing before him in the *Boston Herald* the picture of his honored and trusted American friend, Dr. Frank G. Laubach, for twelve years a missionary in the Philippines under the American Board, who, so far as Venancio knew, was peacefully sleeping on the other side of the world! But the news story said that Dr. Laubach was here in Boston, and Venancio broke all speed records in getting to Beacon Hill for a reunion with this man who was a link between a strange land and his own beloved Islands.

Somehow, as Mr. Madayag told his story, its continuity could not be explained away by mere chance.

Born in Bauang, some one hundred miles north of Manila, Madayag took his first step toward higher education in the Government School at San Fernando, La Union. Hardly had the ink dried on his diploma when he followed the urge of his heart by going into the mountainous districts as a missionary teacher and preacher under the United Brethren.

Later he returned to Manila for study in the Union Theological Seminary, from which he was graduated and later ordained as a Christian minister.

In the Island of Mindanao, so predominantly Moro in its population, there is a growing group of what are called "home-seekers," Filipino people who have migrated from their crowded native islands to take up homesteads under the Government. Here it was that Madayag started his first church, and it was while here that the need of a greater education was borne in upon him. The United States stood out as his goal—the place he must get to in order to obtain that which he sought.

"I must go," he cried. "I have no money—God, if it be Thy will, help me get to America WITHOUT SPENDING MONEY." Madayag confesses that he had some misgivings as to the appropriateness of such a specific request. But he determined to see it through; and going to Manila, he armed himself with credentials from friendly mission leaders and started to interview the captains of the various ships as they came to port.

TESTED BY FAILURE

"But," sighed Madayag, "no matter how fine the recommendations you have—if there is no vacancy, they just don't work." They didn't work. Every boat that came in June, every boat that came in July, and every boat that came up to the middle of August saw Madayag searching for a berth. Then his heart failed him and he turned from his last fruitless call and dragged weary feet up to the street.

"Then, as I went along," he said, "I seemed to hear in my ears some words of the Proverbs; I ran to my lodgings and looked them up. Yes, there they were—*'A man's heart deviseth his ways; but God directeth his steps.'* I closed the book. I knew that it was not God's plan for me to go to America then. I must wait."

PERSISTENCE IN HIS PURPOSE

And it was a long wait—a wait that lasted four years—but it was not unfruitful. Deeply disappointed, Madayag sought to forget his trouble in the life of his childhood. He went back to Mindanao as a "home-seeker" determined to work the land and support himself by it. When he reached the little community where he had labored for a short time as a minister, he was greeted with shouts of joy.

"Venancio Madayag," cried the people, "YOU are an answer to prayer. We have been praying for a pastor—and here you are."

Strange, thought Venancio, that they should be talking about answers to prayer when he was just then burdened under what seemed to him a refusal of his own petition.

"I have not come to be your minister," he replied. "I have come to be a toiler on the soil like yourselves."

But their pleadings could not be stilled and finally Madayag worked his land for a living and preached in addition. A need of workers in the mountainous district took him away from his small flock to another field—a field that brought him higher monetary returns than in the Mindanao District, where at first he received no salary, and later but $17.50 a month. But the people of Mindanao pulled at his heart strings.

"I must go back to them. Somehow I must go back." And he went back under the American Board to work for two years at bringing together into a united church a group of very human folks! The secret of his success seems to have been his method of direct attack.

"Let us be frank," he said to his congregation. "If you have anything against me, don't go to your

neighbor, come to me. If you have anything against a fellow member—go to him about it. Let us be frank." The result of this was that out of petty bickerings arose a church. The people themselves built a house of worship. They gave a day's labor a week. Some, better situated, gave beams, some posts; and the pastor, bathed in perspiration, hammered and sawed with the rest.

THE LEADING

But a change was pending.

"Venancio," said Rev. J. S. Augur, our American Board missionary stationed at Davao and having direction of all the work in that section, "I think you ought to continue your studies."

So plans were made for Venancio to go to the Silliman Institute, a union Bible school at Dumaguete. "Before you go, however," said Mr. Augur, "I want you to make me a brief visit in Davao."

And the third link was forged by this simple request.

For shortly after Venancio's arrival in Davao, the *West Niger* steamed into port with a sick steward, who died after reaching land. Capt. John Ross, who throughout the story of Venancio refuses to fit into the fiction rôle of a hard-boiled, cold-eyed sea captain, but remains throughout the narrative what Venancio has described as "a fine Christian gentleman," asked our missionary to conduct funeral services. The young pastor Madayag assisted.

HE LAUNCHES FORTH

"If there is anything I can do for you," said Captain Ross, when it was all over, "let me know."

There was something—and so Venancio sailed on the *West Niger*. The voyage was uneventful—a storm here and there—the daily business of helping the first cook, of cleaning the cabins of the chief engineer and second and third officers, and of washing dishes filled the days.

They called Venancio "Jimmy." For a time they teased him as he read his Bible. But he persisted, good-naturedly, disregarding their chaffing, and one day they asked to borrow his Bible—to settle, so they said, a dispute on some statement found therein.

As the boat neared Portland, Ore., talk about friends and parents loomed large. "Who will meet you?" they asked Venancio. "It will be a hard thing for you to find work in a strange land without friends. How are you going to do it?"

Venancio did not tell them for the simple reason that he did not know himself. He hid his growing misgivings and finally replied: "I do not know. I only know that God has taken care of me so far and that he will continue to do so."

In spite of this confidence, however, he confesses that there were times when he "had a lot of worry to himself."

A Typical Filipino Crowd Today

This picture was taken at Cagayan, the Board's chief center in the state of Misamis, on the northern coast of Mindanao

A NEWSPAPER SAVES THE DAY

One day as he was cleaning the cabin of the Chief Engineer he saw a bulky newspaper in the waste-basket.

"I did not think of reading it," he says, "but I thought 'What a nice big piece of paper to do a bundle up in.' It was the *Oregonian.* I put it aside. Later some of it became torn, some lost. One day when many of the rest of the crew were reading, I said, 'I, too, have a newspaper; I will read it.' And I started to look at the section of the *Oregonian* which was still in my possession. I suddenly found a page headed "Announcements of the Churches"! I looked eagerly for the name of the United Brethren. I could not find it. With sinking heart I looked again and again. No, it was not here. Suddenly, at the bottom of a column, I saw the words, 'continued on page 11.' But page 11 was missing!"

Then came a frantic search, done with more thoroughness and palpitation than any treasure hunt, which resulted in the finding of page 11, and the finding also of a church notice giving the address Venancio was seeking.

From this newspaper notice came another stream of, shall we call them, chance incidents? Venancio would not. It led him in turn to the pastor of the church; to a job; to friends who helped him work his way through a year at Philomath College, Philomath, Ore., and finally from Oregon to Boston for more study. Now he faces the problem of finding work that will help him carry on his plan for study. He doesn't know how he is going to do it, but he is confident a way will open up. When he has accomplished his purpose in America, he will go back to his own people. Back, perhaps, to the colony in Mindanao among the Moros.

BREAD UPON THE WATERS

A drama in 8 acts. *Screen rights reserved.*

Scene I

Dr. Laubach and young Filipino minister work together in the Philippines.

Scene II

Young Filipino comes to America, but no one knows where he is.

Scene III

Dr. Laubach arrives in Boston on furlough and is interviewed by the News Editor of the A. B. C. F. M., and picture gets into *Boston Herald.*

Scene IV

Lost and lonely Filipino is in Boston and sees newspaper. Rushes to A. B. C. F. M. rooms.

Scene V

Touching reunion between the two friends.

Scene VI

News Editor gets Filipino to come and tell her his story. Interview lasts from 2.30 until 5.20. News Editor staggers home.

Scene VII

News Editor writes *Boston Herald* Editor, thanking him for Laubach's story, and tells him of the incident.

Scene VIII

Boston Herald Editor asks for the story. Story sent him. Published, to be read by thousands, to the glory of the pioneer spirit and the Christian faith.

Curtain

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS

These photographs, taken by Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Warner, on a recent tour of Palestine, easily recall familiar passages in the Gospels, and serve to remind us of Him whose Good News we would share with all men

And he went down with them and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them . . . and the grace of God was upon him.

Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to Jordan unto John, to be baptized of him . . . and lo a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved Son.

And Jesus returned in the power of the Spirit into Ga'ilee . . . and he took ship and came into the coasts of Magdala.

And at even they brought unto him all that was diseased and possessed of devils . . . and all the city was gathered together at the door; and he healed many.

Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

THE HOME BASE

REMEMBER FRIDAY, THE TWENTY-FOURTH

The first Friday in Lent has become one of the great days in our missionary year for church women of all denominations. It brings together for a service of intercession groups of women who are interested in World Missions. In 1927 the day was observed in rural and city communities of every state in our country. An invitation was sent to women and girls in foreign lands to join with us in arranging for such a service, with interesting results.

From Kobe, Japan, where one of many meetings in Japan was held, came the word, "Praying for the needs of the whole world brought a new vision of the privilege and power of prayer to our women."

From a town in China where one hundred were gathered together, one wrote: "I imagine we were the first to start the Day of Prayer. Japan and Korea get the sun long before us, but we began long before the sun. When I entered church at five o'clock, the pastor was already there upon his knees on the cold brick floor."

The interdenominational committee which provides the printed service and sends out the call to a World Day of Prayer, reports that women in Syria, India, Burma, Latin America, Europe, and Africa have joined in this great fellowship, praying that the Kingdom of God may come in fullness.

The service for use this year is entitled "Breaking Down Barriers," and this, with other material, may be obtained from denominational headquarters of the Mission Boards. Titles and prices will be found in our advertising pages.

A HELP IN ORDERING LITERATURE

We want our readers to know of the convenient new Catalogue of Literature published by the Commission on Missions now available for the use of pastors, missionary education leaders, women workers, and project committees. Those who are in search of material for programs and illustrations for study courses will want to secure it at once. Besides the current publications of the Home and Foreign Boards, the Catalogue lists those of the National Council, the Commission on Evangelism and the Commission on Missions. Brief annotations indicate the nature of each item. It tells how to order literature and gives the addresses of the regional distributing offices. The Catalogue may be secured free, on request, from the Commission on Missions, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York City, the Department of Missionary Education, 14 Beacon Street, Boston, or from any regional office.

OKLAHOMA'S SUCCESSFUL PROJECT SCHOOL

Oklahoma is one of the states which has taken seriously and practically the ideal of a Church Missionary Committee in every church. It has been promoted so vigorously by women's groups, field workers, and the State Superintendent that, whereas six months ago there was not a single church missionary committee in the state, today considerably more than half of the churches have such a committee, and others are in prospect. Pilgrim Church of Oklahoma City was probably the first, and one of its early moves was the development of a Project School. We are indebted to Mrs. Albertis Montgomery, Corresponding Secretary of the Women's State Society and Vice-Chairman of the Mid-West Regional Committee, for an outline of its plan of study:—

"For some time our church-night meetings had been small. Of course we were anxious to build up this service. It seemed to the missionary committee that here was an opportunity to present to the entire church what had been only the work of the women. Sometimes we have to give even the best of medicine with a sugar coating; so we have combined other interests with our missionary interest in running an eight-weeks' series of church-night programs which include the entire church.

"We started with a supper, followed by a well-planned twenty-minute period of recreation, in which old and young play together. Then came a ten-minute period of community singing. Following this, we divided into four age-groups, for our project study. Then came a period of worship of fifteen minutes, in which all groups united, the worship being in charge of a different department each week. We then separated again into age-groups, for Bible study. Adjournment was at nine o'clock. Our attendance at this church-night had been small, but now is as large as at the Sunday morning service, and there is general approval and enthusiasm.

"The beginner-primary group started with a study of the child in relation to his home surroundings, branching out into his relations to others farther away, and included missionary stories. The junior-intermediate group had stories and pictures connected with projects, and also did handwork. We have just heard how the city of Adana in Turkey has given that fine piece of ground for community work and, since the Adana School is one of our projects, the group made models of the old playground, and the new as it will be when completed.

"The senior young people's group has worked on the subject of race relations, leading toward our project in Brewer Hospital for colored people in South Carolina. The young people undertook real

research work, investigating educational and hospital work for colored folk of Oklahoma, and getting a new insight into the problem of race the world over. Later they moved on to the problem of China, leading to consideration of our project there.

"The adult group has studied the work of the church in community, homeland, and overseas, especially its own projects. Discussion has been in the hands of the pastor and different men and women whom he asked to prepare lessons. Letters from our missionaries and slides on their fields have been used.

"At the conclusion of the course, just previous to the Every Member Canvass, a pageant was presented, in which the work of the church was shown, each group preparing an episode dealing with the projects it had been studying. The handwork of the younger ones was exhibited. The Bible study groups held a Bible contest, all ages entering the competition. The missionary committee plans to hold a similar course after the holidays, culminating in the Easter program."

NATION-WIDE CAMPAIGN FOR KOBE COLLEGE

To meet the pressing needs of Kobe College, Japan, which is now forced to turn away from 300 to 400 students each year, the Japanese alumnæ have purchased eighteen acres of land and are now raising an endowment of $300,000. It is hoped that America will supply building funds for a new plant for the upper departments. The goal is $700,000—about the cost of a modern church plant in the United States—for an institution of twenty-two buildings on the Kobe hillsides. Of this sum $220,000 has already been raised. A campaign, conducted by the Kobe College Corporation, with headquarters at 19 South La Salle Street, Chicago, is to be vigorously promoted during February, March, and April in twenty states, the primary centers being Chicago, New York, and San Francisco. Dr. Shailer Matthews of the University of Chicago is Chairman of the Corporation; Mr. C. B. Holden, Vice-President of the General Council for the Union Trust Company of Chicago, Treasurer of the fund; Mrs. George R. Wilson of Chicago, Chairman of the Promotion Committee, which is an interdenominational group of twenty. Mrs. Carl S. Patton is correspondent for California, Ohio, and Indiana; Mrs. James H. Moore for other Western states; Mrs. W. A. Rowell for Minnesota and Wisconsin; and Mr. Frank A. Lombard for the New England area, with headquarters at 14 Beacon Street, Boston. Mr. Harold W. Hackett, Treasurer of the Japan Mission, now on furlough in America, has general direction of the campaign, with special attention to New York and the South. Miss Isabelle McCausland, Professor of Sociology at Kobe College, comes from Japan to participate in the campaign. Mrs. Lydia Lord Davis, Mrs. Roy Smith of the Southern Methodist Mission in Japan, for five years a member of the Kobe Board of Managers, and also prominent Japanese will speak in various centers.

PROPOSED PLAN OF THE NEW KOBE COLLEGE, JAPAN

LETTERS FROM OVERSEAS

Secretary Helen B. Calder Writes En Route From Salonica to Athens

"I've been under the spell of Mount Olympus for a week and am now moving towards the slopes of Parnassus and the Acropolis. I am sharing the compartment with a young Greek girl, 'Dora,' and we have become well acquainted with the help of French. I have had one of her meat cakes and she has had one of my tangerines. She has for luggage a huge suitcase, a large wicker hamper, a big bed pillow, and a string of biscuits, which have been hanging above her head ever since we started. They seem to be the doughnuts of this part of the world. A well-dressed lady passed me in the Salonica Station carrying in one arm a heavy child about two years old, and in the other hand a bag, an earthen jar of water, and a live hen, tied by the legs.

" 'Refugee' is the keynote of Salonica. Dora and her mother and our underpaid economical missionaries are bloated bond-holders when compared to the rank and file of the refugees. It must be most depressing to live surrounded by such dire poverty. Yet they tell me conditions have greatly improved in the past two years.

"Let me introduce you to Heripsima Ashdagian, formerly of Smyrna, whom I met at Mrs. Brewster's the other day. She is seventeen years old and is supporting a family of five—her mother, two sisters, and a brother—on 25 drachmas, 35 cents a day. When they first arrived in Greece they lived in a tent, suffering terribly from the cold. About two years ago they succeeded, with help from the Brewsters, in buying for $30 half of one of the barracks, where they kept warmer, at least, in one room. Now the barracks is to be torn down because of some building, and because they are Armenians they get no compensation for their loss. The child, for she seems scarcely more than that, is at her wit's end to know where to go. She is a dainty, attractive girl, very neatly dressed, and not the least bit complaining. She works from 8 to 5 at the Patriotic League, a society of women organized to give work to refugees. She does most dainty embroidery.

"Yesterday Mr. and Mrs. Getchell and I visited Katina Nicholaidon, the first Greek girl to study at our school in Brousa. When she first came out as a refugee with her mother she worked for the Near East. Mr. Getchell loaned her $500 from some relief funds in his control and she rented a barracks, set up some looms, and began business for herself. She has paid off her loan, and is now a successful business woman, employing twenty girls on her looms. She is most grateful to Mr. G. for his confidence in her and kissed his hand as we left her home.

Mt. Olympus, Greece

A view from near Salonica

"We walked through street after street of refugee villages, within the city limits or just outside. The Toomba, a settlement of over 15,000, has been built from the money loaned to the Government. Houses of four rooms with a kitchen and bath are used by twelve to twenty people. If a family has over five members they may have two rooms. Otherwise, they must all live in one room. So there may be four families using one kitchen and bath. And that is the kind of place where the most prosperous of the refugees live, except those who have already done so well that they have built their own little homes.

"All over the city where there are empty lots these people have set up little shanties and have started business. We went through a bazaar full of such shacks, where there was offered for sale the greatest conglomeration of junk I have ever seen—broken chairs, tables, all kinds of odds and ends of hardware, rusty meat grinders, cradles, candlesticks, jewelry, etc. While they wait for customers, they put new seats or legs on the chairs, make garments out of odds and ends, etc. A man with a sweet-faced wife, in a stall much nicer than the rest, told us that they came from Afion Kara Hissar, in Asia Minor, 'naked,' meaning, I suppose, stripped of all their belongings.

"So the stories go—they pull terribly at your heartstrings. I wish wealthy America could see herself beside poor Greece, swamped by the sudden influx of needy refugees. America seems so extravagant when compared with England; and English life is luxurious compared to the way our missionaries live—economizing on light and fuel and everything else—yet they are surrounded by thousands of people like those I have described.

"I stayed for a week in the Girls' School in Salonica, visited classes, and taught three classes while Miss Eastman was away for two days in Athens. I was with the forty boarders for their frolic Saturday night and their fireside talk on Sunday evening. I took twenty-six of them in a queue to the Greek Orthodox Church on Sunday and added one more to my varieties of religious experience. Except for a ten-minute sermon, the service was all in ancient Greek—a most horrible noise—chanting or singing, or whatever they may *call* it. Some old women near me followed it most devoutly, but some walked around and visited their friends in certain parts of the service. Women lighted tapers and set them in front of the images, and men and women walked past and kissed the ikon.

"We are spending twelve hours or more going 300 miles. We have added two men to our compartment, one of whom was playing with his string of conversational beads when he came in. He gave that up for a cigarette, a more objectionable amusement. We have been going through a long series of tunnels and seem to be in the heart of the mountains. Shepherds are watching their flocks on lonely mountain sides, and the villages are a long distance apart. The beads have come out again, and they are a string of about fifty yellow beads. The man throws them about over his head and then pushes them along the string. I'd rather do a cross-word puzzle!

"Later: So I did a cross-word puzzle and the Greeks seemed interested. Dora is amused at the amount of paper I have covered and wonders if I have any left."

Prof. Lee Vrooman of International College, Smyrna, Writes an Encouraging Word

"Yes, things are going very smoothly here, but this is due to the splendid coöperation of the people at the heads of the various departments—Professor Lawrence, Professor Caldwell, Professor Seylaz, head of the French Department and in charge of the boarding students. Also of Mrs. Flint, the college hostess, who keeps things moving in the boarding department. For that matter our short-term workers are taking responsibility splendidly; one of them has deliberately taken on more hours than he is required to give because of his interest in the work. Another has done the same, and further, is giving our Turkish staff an English lesson a day, making a total of thirty-four lessons a week in place of the required twenty-five. A number of the staff are studying Turkish.

"Our seniors and juniors are doing much translating of serious books and articles and are getting them printed in Turkish magazines. Our students are taking over more self-government, and this Friday they are acting as the hosts of all the students from the higher schools of the city, of whom we expect fifteen hundred on our broad school grounds this Friday.

"Our Turkish staff is pushing books put out by our publication department, and has arranged for school children of the city to use our auditorium to see pictures bought this summer through Miss Crosby and used with a Delineoscope. One of our staff is editor of the magazine *Fikirler* (Ideas), and another hopes to get out a Turkish edition of the educational paper, *The New Era*. We are having separate English and Turkish speaking assemblies once a week, and our Turkish staff has taken responsibility for the Turkish speaking program.

"In other words, there has grown up under Dr. Reed's leadership a great interest in the project we have, and one and all are plunging into the work with great zest. It is a privilege to work with a group such as we have here. I feel that in spite of our short-handed condition we are in for a great year."

Miss Lucie Borel Hard at Work Again in Adana after Her Furlough

"We have an enormous school: the upper schoolroom has not a vacant seat; thirty-nine *new* girls in the new Sixth Class, all big girls, who have finished their Turkish primary grades. The *little* people seem a multitude on account of their faculty for being everywhere and making a great racket. They are constantly after me for work this week, helping unpack the books left here. For a reward, they play on my rug with the doll given me by the Boston Swiss Club.

"There was no French given in my absence, so I find the classes rather behind in that study. Besides my three daily classes in French, I have two hours a week of gymnastics with the Sixth Class, an hour of drawing with the Third Class, an hour of Ethics with the Eighth Class, four piano lessons, and a period of singing with all the upper classes several times a week. The work is more strenuous than before because we have only one Turkish teacher in the house, and as she is not much of a disciplinarian, we are obliged to attend the girls' meals, see about study hours, and oversee many things usually left to a resident teacher.

"I am just as happy now as I was during that beautiful year of furlough, the remembrance of which is so sweet. I find it delightful to be able to picture friends and places I then saw for the first time." [Miss Borel, who is Swiss, visited America in 1926–27 for the first time in her more than a quarter of a century's service in the Adana school.—ED.]

REV. HORATIO B. NEWELL OF SEOUL, KOREA, WRITES OF HIS SOCIAL AND EDUCATIONAL ACTIVITIES

"Among the recent 'functions,' one of considerable interest was the reception given to Governor-General and Viscountess Saito by the (Japanese) Keijo Christian Council at Y. M. C. A. Hall on November 15. About eighty representatives of the four churches were present, and it was very informal and enjoyable; the guests were in no hurry to depart. Since his return from the Geneva Conference, after an absence of seven months, he has been welcomed back most warmly by all parties.

"I have recently organized a new Bible study class that seems to promise well for the future. It is made up entirely of the First Class men in the Medical School of the University, and there are now twenty-seven enrolled, and we meet at the Y parlors on Friday afternoon. This came about through a request from the men themselves, and one of the strange things about it is that they do not ask for the teaching to be done in English; they want it in Japanese. Of those enrolled only three have any church connection; and of the others, not one has ever read the Bible at all. The class is practically virgin soil, and the responsibility is correspondingly great.

"This makes three Bible study classes I am running here in the city, and I am considering an invitation from a group at Chemulpo that has asked me to come down there twice a month. From all I hear the proposition looks attractive."

REV. GEORGE W. SHEPHERD IS BACK IN KIENNING

"We arrived here at 11 A.M. today, escorted by twenty-five soldiers over the mountain pass. Chen and Ting also arrived here an hour later. At a village we had passed through, their launch was subjected to such a hail of bullets that they were obliged to negotiate with the bandits, to the tune of thirty dollars. Chen said he was genuinely afraid, as the bandits meant business. The smaller gangs down the river wasted their ammunition as the launch

THE DINNER FOLLOWING THE RECEPTION
Dr. and Mrs. Newell at the head table with General and Viscountess Saito

sailed gaily up river. The bullets just idly flattened themselves against the armor plate.

"Our formidable looking escort evidently awed the same gang of bandits into silence and prevented the smaller groups from molesting us. We understand that between here and Yenping the bandits are as thick as flies, and all the Lu Hsing Pang's feeble efforts to drive them out have but increased their daring.

"Pastor Kuan welcomed us most cordially and had quarters prepared for us in the deserted hospital. It is raining steadily so we are keeping quiet for an hour or two. The people appear slightly surprised to see foreigners but outwardly reveal nothing but friendliness. Tomorrow we shall know how our freight has fared coming up stream. They affirm that the Tu Fei are interested in passengers only."

Miss Alice M. Huggins Returns to Tunghsien and Writes November 14 of Her Work

"There was no question at school but that I was both desired and expected by the management. The new principal, Mr. Tsui, hadn't seemed to think it had been necessary to say so. My classes were assigned to me very much like last year's. Before I knew it I was working along on a full teaching schedule, with none of the bothers that harass the principal. Sundays I have a full day of Bible classes and other services. During the week I have three different classes in beginning English, fifth and sixth grade Bible, and three periods of music, besides glee club and choir and such extras. Of course, last but not least, I have the management of the sewing the girls do to earn their way through school. I am enjoying especially having time to prepare my lessons better than I have the past few years.

"The new principal is working enthusiastically along the lines of training for Christian work in rural communities that I tried to follow. He has had experience as a school principal; he has the respect of the community; he is personally very pleasant to work with; and he is a steady and earnest Christian.

"The school is taking steps to be registered with the government, and when the term opened there was a little wavering among the girls, waiting to see what attitude would be taken toward the church and the Bible and the Christian life of the school. But a few days showed without a doubt that Mr. Tsui did not contemplate any backward steps along that line. Bible study is voluntary, but almost everybody elected it, and church attendance is taken for granted, as before.

"As Miss Smith did not return, I have some extra activities which formerly belonged to her, so I am getting a little taste of evangelistic work. Miss Ch'ien, Miss Smith's successor, is trying the experiment of sending some of our girl graduates, instead of older women, to teach in certain villages which have been longing for help. The girls seem to have more new ideas and more energy than the women, and so far seem to be making a great success.

"This weary war continues and does not seem to be getting anywhere. So far, our neighborhood has been free from trouble. And there has been a wonderful crop, and the people have plenty of food and fuel."

Rev. Elmer W. Galt, Reaching Fenchow With Much Difficulty, Finds There a Peculiar Situation

"I am here in Fenchow! Leonard Outerbridge and I arrived on the 8th (Nov.), and found that practically no mail and no travelers had got into the province for the previous five weeks.

"Passenger service had been suspended between Peking and Paotingfu because of Shansi troops holding Cho-chow city, and after landing, I had stayed sixty-three hours on a train waiting for the situation to clear up so it could pass. But in vain. A week later a benevolent society in Peking began to lay plans for relief work for the Cho-chow populace as soon as the way might open to get at them. Rowland Cross was invited to act on their special committee for this work. He recommended me to go down with a few others for a preliminary investigation. . . .

"We found not the least opening for getting at the facts inside the city; the siege was complete. Having got round to the south of Cho-chow, I boarded the first military train headed for Paotingfu. I found Hugh (Hubbard) out on a tour to see how our work in the war zone had fared, but he came in late that evening. The next morning we were suddenly hailed by Robinson and Outerbridge at our door; they had found that the bus service was on between Tientsin and Paotingfu and had come round that way. They brought me word of the cable informing me that my family would come on the *President Cleveland.* I ransacked boxes for things they might need for a winter in Tungchow; packed the stuff; and made Hugh trustee, to see that it got to Tungchow for their use. Howard would have to do the proper thing about meeting our two families if I did not get back.

"On the 29th we boarded a makeshift passenger train, and, *mirabile dictu!* in eight hours had made the trip to Shih-chia-chuang, seventy-five miles distant. A petty officer kindly volunteered to escort us past three sets of sentries to our hospital. . . .

"On the 5th the official permit from the Governor (which we had asked for through the army commander) arrived, and the three of us were allowed to board a coal car on the armored train, or rather, the three-foot coal bin in front of the cramped little cab. Our preferred position on our *de luxe* limited was up above side-packs and boiler hood, where, with just a little change of position, we could toast our feet or cool them off. . . .

"When the Fenchow Ford came to Taiyuan for us it brought a letter from Dr. Watson asking us to come via Taiku and confer with the people there on the problem of a nurse and escort to go into Shensi. I will speak very briefly of the problem.

"A district governor, Governor Chin, at Yu-lin-fu,

a nine days' trail over the mountains, sent in two months ago for medical attendance for his favorite wife; he had availed himself of Dr. Watson's services in years past. From the report brought it was thought that she needed but a comparatively simple operation and a few days of attention, and Miss Kellogg asked to be the nurse to go with Dr. Ch'eng on the case, thinking partly of the respite she felt she needed. They found the woman at such a stage with cancer that almost nothing could be done for her, even by an up-to-date hospital. Governor Chin insisted on keeping both Dr. Ch'eng and Miss Kellogg, nevertheless, to render service.

"Not long since Dr. Ch'eng quietly came away, but Miss Kellogg has been unable to get release, though that has been promised if a fully trained Chinese nurse should come to take her place. Governor Chin's reputation is such that nurse after nurse has refused to consider any offer whatever. A nurse finally found wants a foreigner as escort all the way there. So I am to start with her day after tomorrow; we think Miss Kellogg should have one of us to escort her out, anyhow. She has been under much strain, although well treated; trying to deal with Governor Chin has required the utmost patience and diplomacy."

Rev. Robert W. Fairbank of the Marathi Mission Describes the Reorganized Vadala School

"The Vadala Vocational School has attracted the attention of Government, is listed as a 'Special,' and will receive triple the amount in grants that it has heretofore. It has a course of four years. Practical and theoretical agriculture is the main vocation taught, with carpentry and smithing combined into one trade and definitely linked up with it. Suppose a famine comes along, due to lack of rains. Each youth turns to his trade of carpentry and smithing and keeps the wolf from the door until such time as the rains are again favorable for crops. He stays on his land and remains a small pillar of the church, instead of going to Bombay with the likelihood of becoming a victim of malaria, or t. b., or worse. He belongs to the country and through this education will be able to stay there.

"He will be taught the value of coöperative societies and will have four years of the most intensive agricultural training that a boy of his age can absorb. In addition, we plan to give every student a knowledge of the more common points regarding goats and poultry. We have started a small goat farm and one of the goats gives two and a half quarts of milk a day, whereas most goats here give only half a quart. Quite a difference! We hope to demonstrate that it pays to feed well and breed well if one desires to have more milk for the children.

"On the classical side the school is much like other schools. I expect the boys to take pride in their work and in the fact that they are helping the church to stand on its feet. The dignity of honest labor will preach a sermon every day which will be most effective."

Rev. Henry A. Neipp Writes of Loyalty Under Difficulties at Ochileso, West Africa

"Over two hundred native Christians from this and the English Missions have been called by the government and sent forty days' distance to the extreme northeastern part of Angola, where a company is mining diamonds. When our friendly *administrador* received the order to send workers, I was duly informed that these men would be called from our outstations. At the stated time they presented themselves as ready to go. Although their hearts were heavy, they sang hymns as they marched

Concluded on page 85

HERALD QUESTIONS

		PAGE
1.	When and where did the united "Church of Christ in China" hold its first general assembly and what did it represent?	2
2.	How many Congregational missionaries are out of China at present, and what proportion of the force is functioning as usual?	2
3.	Who is called the "Father of the Chinese Renaissance"?	5
4.	What did the first twenty years of missions in India cost in human life?	6
5.	Why is recreational work for African boys and girls needed to supplement religious influences?	9
6.	Who was called "Africa's apostle of laughter"?	10
7.	Where was a Christian invited to tell Bible stories in Mohammedan mosques?	13
8.	What is the average yearly income of agricultural families in Shansi, China?	14
9.	Where did the Mayor of a Turkish city make himself personally responsible for the equipment of a playground?	19
10.	When and where were missionaries to American Indians arrested and jailed for living among them?	25
11.	Why does one Chinese hospital keep a dairy?	33
12.	How many people has one Chinese Y. M. C. A. building served in six months?	35

AN EXPERT'S OPINION ON NEW BOOKS FOR MISSIONARY LEADERS

MANY readers will recognize *Our Japanese Friends*,[1] by Ruth Isabel Seabury, as the title of a book published four or five years ago by the Woman's Board of Missions. It has now been reprinted by the Missionary Education Movement (in slightly revised form) as one of this year's courses for junior boys and girls. The author, now Educational Secretary of the American Board and chairman of the denominational committee on Missionary Education, is recognized as an authority in young people's work in both Congregational and interdenominational circles.

The course provides for eight sessions on such themes as "At Home in Japan," "At School in Japan," "At Play in Japan," "At Worship in Japan," etc. Six appropriate worship services, prepared by Elizabeth Harris, are added in a separate section at the end of the book.

Each program suggests a variety of methods and procedures, e.g., story-telling, dramatization, modeling, making a Friendship Book, games, discussion. The author seeks to develop appreciation, not pity. In discussing Japanese home life, for example, it is suggested that the boys and girls consider what in it is (1) Like ours; (2) Unlike ours; (3) Better than ours. The expressed aim of that lesson is "to show that under unlikeness in custom and material equipment the Japanese boy and girl have in their home the same big things that we have—love and respect and pride." The statements of aim for other sessions reveal essentially the same viewpoint.

In considering this book for Junior groups, it should be thought of as one of a growing number of Friendship Press "project courses" for this age, of which half a dozen are already available. In the field of missionary education these are taking their place as among the better type of religious education courses; useful in vacation schools, at week-day sessions, in church schools of missions, or for short periods in the church school.

ALSO FOR JUNIOR LEADERS

Ten years ago Miss Jean Gertrude Hutton wrote a book called *The Missionary Education of Juniors*.[2] The present volume is not a mere revision, but an entirely new text. It is one of four volumes in *The Leaders' Handbook Series* on principles and methods of missionary education. Only two have thus far appeared. It is expected that *The Missionary Education of Primary Children* will appear this spring and *The Missionary Education of Intermediates* later in 1928.

In ten chapters the author discusses the purpose of missionary education: its materials, stories, play, giving, worship, project illustrations, etc. In considering the materials of missionary education she warns against thinking of the curriculum as a body of knowledge. She emphasizes the central place of experience in the curriculum—a junior's experience in the home, at play, in giving, in service, at worship. This is as it should be, for experience is the place to begin, in missionary as in other types of education.

This book has value in the general religious education field, and should be in the hands of all superintendents of junior departments. Those who are troubled with the problem of integrating missionary education in the total religious education program of juniors will find help in Miss Hutton's book—especially in the final chapter.

BEGINNING YOUNG

It would be scant praise to call *The Missionary Education of Beginners*,[3] by Jessie Eleanor Moore, the best book of its kind, for it is the only one. It can be recommended to workers not only in this specialized field, but also in the larger field of religious education. With children of four and five years of age it is neither possible nor desirable to isolate missionary education from other aspects of the educational process. It must concern itself with environmental influences, the development of friendly attitudes, kindly behavior, etc. This is Miss Moore's point of view. It is a book on principles and methods for the kindergarten age, dealing with child nature, the training of natural tendencies, education by suggestion, dramatic play, worship, and small children's gifts. Parents should use the book. Every Beginners' Department superintendent should own it.

MRS. CRONK ON BEST METHODS

For nearly ten years Mrs. Katharine S. Cronk conducted a department in *The Missionary Review of the World* on Best Methods in Missionary Work. This she aimed to make a record of successful experiments. Her untimely death in the spring of 1927 brought this activity to a close. In *Missionary Methods for Church and Home*[4] her husband has gathered together many of these "best methods." It will be welcomed by those who knew and admired Mrs. Cronk, and by many others who, without knowing her, were helped by her leadership and her writings.

The book is written in a very popular style. It does not, of course, present a comprehensive program for the church or home, but no one who remembers how it was prepared will expect that. What it does do is to give a fund of practical suggestions for parents, women's missionary societies, or other church groups. These are of the same kind as those for which the author was so well known at Northfield, Blue Ridge, and elsewhere.

[1] Friendship Press. Pp. 144. Price, 75 cents.
[2] Missionary Education Movement. Pp. 178. Price, $1.00.
[3] Missionary Education Movement. Pp. 190. Price, $1.00.
[4] F. H. Revell Company. Pp. 190, Price, $1.50.

Many readers will find the viewpoint rather orthodox and conservative, as, for example, in such chapters as "Soul Winning Methods," "Prayer," and "The Sixth Sense in Missionary Training." It is interesting to compare Mrs. Cronk's statement, "The real objective of all missionary endeavor is the winning of souls," with the motives and objectives considered at recent M. E. M. conferences in New York and Pocono Manor. It is at least a point for debate.

Missionary Methods for Church and Home contains many suggestions which the local church worker will find practical. It has value also as revealing the fine spirit and beautiful character of the author, her earnestness and devotion to the cause of Christian missions.

J. L. LOBINGIER.

TUCKER'S BOOK ON AFRICA

"DRUMS IN THE DARKNESS"

THERE are books on Africa which attract much attention from readers who are not personally familiar with the African continent; the same books stir in the heart of the seasoned resident in Africa only undesired emotions. A book recently popular purporting to give the exploits of the daughter of an African missionary, and a more recent one giving the alleged memoirs of an African Sinbad are of this numerous company which intrigue me not at all. On the other hand there are books on Africa which the old-timer cannot put down; they also are many. At random I recall *A Game Ranger's Notebook*, Livingstone's Journals, and *Jock of the Bushveldt*. Again, there are volumes on Africa written by travelers of either amateur or professional standing, giving the experience of a few days or a few weeks, illustrated with the reproductions of excellent and valuable photographs. Until the appearance of *Drums in the Darkness*,[1] the books of recent times dealing with the hinterland of Benguella have been of this latter hit-and-run-variety, with the exception of one in German.

As a seasoned African, familiar with Angola, I recommend this work of my colleague, Dr. Tucker of Dondi. He has been in Africa long enough to have penetrated beneath the surface of affairs and, to borrow a figure from the vernacular, he knows his whole root crop. The photographic illustrations are as good as those of the purely photographic observer, while the text is skiagraphic, giving you not only information from the surface, but also revealing the deep things. Dr. Tucker begins by sketching the history of Africa and Angola, both actual and fanciful. This is followed by a description of the Ovimbundu, their origin and their customs. He then tells how the American Board came to enter this field. Bagster, Sanders, and Miller slowly and painfully climbed the *elila* to the country of Ekuikui; slowly they learned the language and ways of the people. The way into the land of adventure is hard and tortuous. Following this is the account of the establishment of the Word in the land of "Viye."

The working out of the Evangel in the terms of human life is illustrated in the story of the African king, Kanjundu, and his "Philip," Dr. Currie, to whom came the idea of the central schools. The final chapters deal with the differences which the Gospel makes for the African woman, with the growth of the African Church and of the African within his church, and outline the task yet before us in the rôle of the big brother.

Though it is evident that this book was written with the purpose of quickening the interest of the Canadian Church in its West African missionary emprise, yet there is a wealth of trustworthy information for the student of native customs, folklore, and religion. To all those interested in missions it is to be recommended as a study book, especially to the supporters of the American Board who may wish for knowledge of their West Africa Mission which is one with the work of the Canadian churches. Two years from now this mission purposes to celebrate the jubilee of its founding, and calls upon all the Congregational fellowship to rejoice with them in a half century of great adventure. *Drums in the Darkness*—by the way a very attractive title, not descriptive of the book, which is quite lucid, and not at all tomtomic—provides the necessary foundation for an understanding of this coming jubilee.

It is to be regretted that the author failed to include an index, and that some of the better books, easily obtainable, are not included in the bibliographies.

MERLIN W. ENNIS.

[1] *Drums in the Darkness*. By Rev. J. T. Tucker. New York: George H. Doran & Company. Pp. 202. Price, $1.75.

AROUND THE WORLD

THE PAN-ASIATIC CONFERENCE

The Pan-Asiatic Conference, which met November 3 to 8, 1927, in Shanghai, was attended by delegates from Japan, China, Korea, Persia, Afghanistan, India, Siam, and Turkey. In the main harmony prevailed, except when it was urged by some that Japan ought to set an example for Western powers by withdrawing troops from Manchuria and adopting a more conciliatory attitude towards China. Among the resolutions passed were the following:—

"With a view to humanity, the Conference recommends that Asia, the cradle of religions, should send out religious missions to Europe, America, Africa, Australia, and other countries to convert the people.

"With a view to humanity, the Conference recommends unity among Asiatic nations, so that they by mutual coöperation may defend themselves against worldly aggression.

"To promote unity among the Asiatic nations, the Conference proposes to start an All Asia Educational Center (*a*) to teach Asiatic languages, (*b*) to import higher technical education, (*c*) to give military training.

"The Asiatic Association should immediately start a weekly newspaper of its own, preferably in English, or a page each in Chinese, Japanese, Urdu, Hindi, Persian, Turkish, Arabian, and English.

"The Conference accepts the principle that the regeneration of Asia is unthinkable without the salvation of China. The Conference therefore recommends that (*a*) important military units clear respective grounds of all rebellious elements; (*b*) imported centers of administration send their representatives to meet at a designated place to conduct the foreign policy of China as a whole and try to build up civil institutions in the country. They should demand immediate suppression of extraterritorial rights, the complete control of the customs, and the abolition of settlements.

"The Conference realizes that the situation in China cannot be improved without sincere coöperation of Japan and sympathy of Red Russia and America, therefore proposes that a committee be formed to secure coöperation with Japan and secure the sympathy of Russia and America."

It was decided that the Conference of 1928 should be held in Kabul, Afghanistan.

A SCHOOL FOR MISSIONARIES' CHILDREN IN ANGOLA

The Angola Missions Conference has heartily endorsed a plan for the establishment of a school for the children of missionaries, modeled on similar schools in China and India. Missionaries on the field have already initiated the building fund by their gifts of $560.

The plan is to build a School Home for non-resident children in Dondi, with at least one trained lady-teacher to direct the school work. Many a missionary mother feels she must remain in America, away from her husband, in order to care for her children during the earlier years of their education. When this school shall become established boys and girls may remain with their parents until they reach high school age, yet receive the same up-to-date training that children in America receive. Such a school will make for the happiness and efficiency of the missionaries on the field, and bring large returns on a comparatively small financial outlay.

Rev. William C. Bell, of Dondi, home on furlough, is trying to further the project, and will be glad to send information and literature to any one interested.

SCHOOLS IN THE BUSH, BAILUNDO

Two weeks spent in visiting outstations of Bailundo, West Central Africa, has brought encouraging reports of progress. Miss Emma C. Redick, who traveled many miles in the bush-car and many more on foot over rough jungle trails, sends back the word that everywhere she was greeted with joy by the natives, and many times received delegations from places she could not include in her itinerary. Schools in the bush, which have been carried on by Dondi graduates during the dry season, have reached hundreds of children. At Likondokua especially Miss Redick reports real surprise at the progress being made by the more than eighty boys and girls enrolled.

MUSIC AND DRAMA IN INDIA

In order to quicken the spiritual life of the Indians, missionaries have been introducing into their conventions and mass meetings inspiring Indian speakers, musical sermons, and dramatic competition. At one convention fully 2,000 people, Hindus and Christians alike, jammed the outdoor enclosure to witness the drama of Job being acted by local talent. At one meeting at which Rev. Emmons E. White was present, a scholarly high-caste Hindu made a strong plea that Indians should study "Ramayana," the famous epic poem of India, saying, "We find in this poem the Christian ideals of humility, love, and sacrifice for others. And we must all try to attain these ideals." Think of a Hindu pleading Christian ideals before Hindus!

BACK IN LINTSING

Bible school in Lintsing, Shantung, China, was scheduled to open on the 11th of October, whether the foreigners had returned or not. At the first faculty meeting the American Board missionaries who were there found themselves short-handed, as they could muster only two men and three women teachers for the three years of the regular classes and the two years of the Woman's Preparatory Department. In spite of all difficulties, a marvelous spirit has been shown by the Chinese workers. Pastor Wang Mu Shih and Dr. Hsu are especially commended for their fine work. Indeed one American Boarder says that if there were more men like Dr. Hsu there would be no need for missionaries.

Every one seems very friendly and glad to see the missionaries back, and there is a decided feeling that these Chinese Christians regard the work now as more completely their own and thus more completely their responsibility. The enrollment for the fall was slightly retarded because rumors had spread that the Boys' School would not open until the foreigners had come back. In the Girls' School, however, there is reported a larger enrollment than at any time in its history.

PLANS TO CONCENTRATE WORK AT SHAOWU HOSPITAL

For more than twenty years there have been two mission hospitals in Shaowu—one for men in the East Gate suburb and one for women in the walled part of the city near the North Gate section. A mile stretches between these two institutions—which must be served by the same doctors; Dr. Bliss last year served both alone till Dr. Judd joined him in October. Oriental ideas concerning the seclusion of women made this originally necessary, but now enlightened Christian public opinion has reached a point where a united hospital may be provided. Dr. Bliss and Dr. Judd have held clinics in the Boys' Boarding School three

mornings a week. A thorough physical examination was made of all the students. Figures show at the East Gate 1,978 dispensary visits from new patients; 3,287 from former visitors. There have been 37 hospital inpatients and 7 major operations; house visits, 210. At the North Gate Hospital there were 1,245 first-visit patients in the dispensary and 2,495 return patients. Inpatients numbered 51 and major operations, 6; obstetrical cases, 24, and home visits, 165.

AND THEY CAME TO JESUS BY NIGHT

The chiefs of the village of Pulvaikarai, South India, were Mohammedan. When the native worker and his son John endeavored to preach the Gospel there, they were forbidden the right to talk to the people. With a magic lantern, several young Indian Christians, and one American missionary, set forth to visit surrounding villages, holding public preaching services in the morning, and returning again at night to exhibit pictures of the world war, followed by the life of Christ. In all the villages the people gathered and listened attentively. But in Pulvaikarai permission was steadfastly refused by the chiefs. Finally a meeting *was* held and the pictures shown in the schoolhouse. "Seeing the condition of the village," writes John, "many came to us privately and conversed with us about our Saviour." The chief man of the village of Pulvaikarai insisted that either John and his father must cease talking of their religion to the people, or leave the town. Stay if you will—but be silent, they warned. "To keep from speaking to others about our Saviour for the sake of money is a difficult and unreasonable task, and is like Judas selling Jesus," cried John. "Simply for the sake of earning our livelihood we do not think it right that we should promise not to speak. We will go to some other place and be beggars rather than stay here and yield to their wishes, namely, not to hold up His Cross and show them our Saviour." And so John and his father are planning to move on—not knowing where they will find work to do, but placing their trust in their Heavenly Father. "Please pray for the work done here," he pleads, "for those who want to take our Saviour as theirs but keep away for fear of the chief men. And for us—pray to show us the way."

A BIT OF A CHALLENGE

An American missionary in Madura, India, had been making a good many long auto trips, which included the fording of specially difficult rivers. During the rainy season this missionary feared that the ford would be impassable, so she mentioned this expected difficulty quite often in her prayers. As the time for her return came nearer she was considerably more worried about it than her Indian driver. The fatal spot was reached and a remarkably easy crossing made. When on the other side the driver remarked to the world at large, "and missy worried in spite of all that praying." Miss Florence T. Swan of Capron Hall, Madura, to whom we owe this story, feels that this constituted quite a challenge. But if this illustrated a little lack of faith in the missionary, it is equalled by the story of an old, old woman, blind from birth, whose faith in this same American missionary was such that she insisted that all that was needed to cure her little grandson of a serious illness was that this missionary put her hands on his head and bless him. The missionary demurred, preferring to kneel in prayer, but the old lady insisted, and to the amazement of all she was able to march the youngster off to school the next day. The only unmoved person was the old lady, who said calmly, "I knew it would be so."

ACTIONS AND WORDS

"Actions count as much as words, though both are needed," so feels Dr. Herbert C. Brokenshire of the American Board Mission Hospital in Davao, Mindanao, the Philippine Islands. The hospital, which has a great deal of work to do for Japanese, is well filled all of the time. Each morning there is a little song service, and throughout the ministry of healing physical ills the doctors and nurses try to preach a sermon in actions and to show the spirit of the Great Physician, because of whom they are there. Dr. Brokenshire spends part of his time on trips into the hills, where the mission schools are flourishing, and work among the Bagobos is making real headway, he reports. The accompanying picture is a snapshot of a small patient whose mother, a Japanese woman, was operated on by Dr. Brokenshire; she owes her life to the skill of the missionary doctor.

LITTLE JAPANESE PATIENT AT DAVAO

CARRYING ON IN CHINA

The Chinese Recorder of November, 1927, in reporting the condition of Christian institutions, says that of 16 Christian colleges 11 were open; that the majority of other schools are also open; that of the Christian hospitals under the Southern Government about 63 per cent are carrying on, as are about 94 per cent under the Northern Government. Of the churches, no general statement can be made, but it seems evident that the majority have weathered the storm. A missionary who has been through the worst of the revolution sums up the condition by saying, "Missionaries almost unanimously report Christian work going forward under the direction of the local Chinese leaders."

"MOSQUITO-VILLE"

"Mosquito-Ville," the new village in South India about which Rev. Emmons E. White has written before, is booming. Of the forty Nadar Caste families there, about ten have been baptized as new converts. One of the reasons given for the growth in Mosquito-Ville is the fact that relatives of these people who are members of a Christian Church in another village kept saying to the leading man of the community, "You and we are relatives. You see what Christianity has done for us; how it has educated our children and has given us character and standing. It can do the same for you. You ought all to become Christians." "Gradually," says Mr. White, "this advice has sunk in and now this leader and most of his family have become good Christians."

THE CZECHOSLOVAKIA CHURCH

The January number of the *Record of Christian Work* quotes as follows from a leaflet prepared by President Masaryk:—

"During the existence of the Republic the Czechoslovakia Church has been established, with 525,333 members, who, with few exceptions, have seceded from the Roman Catholic Church, and according to all accounts, the number today is much greater. During the same period the number of persons who left the Roman Catholic Church was 724,507. . . . The number of Protestants of various denominations and all nationalities in the Republic is now almost a million."

THE GIRLS' GYMNASIUM, MATSUYAMA

The Matsuyama Girls' High School is rejoicing in the completion of a new gymnasium which was given them by the women of the New Haven Branch. The girls of the school are now able to give vent to all their surplus energy and to get the kind of physical training that will fit them for lives of usefulness. The gymnastic teacher, we are told, is so delighted to have a proper place in which to hold her classes that she "walks about as though in a dream." The gymnasium was built along Japanese architectural lines. The outer wall is white cement plaster, and inside, the wooden beams are treated with crude oil, not only to preserve them, but also to give them the appearance of age.

Because Matsuyama Girls' High School felt that it might be a long time before it could have a chapel, the gymnasium was fitted up for use as an auditorium. This meant the building of a stage, with a dressing room at the back, footlights, and stage lights overhead. A gallery runs along three sides of the building, and there is a fixture for the use of a moving-picture machine. Dressing rooms, shower baths, and lockers are other up-to-date features. The comments of the Japanese about the school are gratifying. Every one feels that the new gymnasium is substantial proof that the school is really on the highway to a bright future.

DEFENSIVE AND AGGRESSIVE MOVEMENTS AMONG INDIAN RELIGIONS

The progress that Christianity is making in different lands is arousing other religions to new activity and earnest efforts for opposing its further advance. This is especially noticeable in India. A missionary writes from that country:—

"Hinduism has undergone a change, one of the most remarkable in the history of any religion. From being simply a conservative force, nonresistant, it has suddenly become a missionary religion. It now opens the door of caste to those who would return after having been converted to other faiths. . . . The newer Hinduism, as represented by the Arya Somaj, has adopted several Christian methods in its work: it is using the Sunday school and lesson leaflets idea, has bazaar preaching, is using zenana teachers after the style of our Bible-women, and is distributing literature, opening day and boarding schools, etc. One form of Hindu activity, as stated by a prominent paper published in Western India, is frankly to absorb Christianity.

"Mohammedanism has no paid ministry, for every man is supposed to be a missionary. Lectures are being delivered, literature distributed, and increased activity is very manifest in the community."

A SCHOOL OF MISSIONS IN JERUSALEM

The Methodist Episcopal Church has granted to the United Missionary Council for Syria and Palestine a building for the home of a School of Missions. This school is to be formally opened in the spring of 1928. Language study, Islamics, and Judaism will be the main intellectual features of the school's work, but it is intended to serve also as a unifying center of inspiration and fellowship for Christian workers of all nations and churches in that part of the Near East.

TURKEY'S POPULATION

According to *The Near East and India*, the recent census taken by the Turkish Government showed that the population of Constantinople is in round numbers 810,000, and that of the whole country, 13,750,000.

THE NEW GYM IN ITS SETTING

This view of part of the Matsuyama Girls' School is secured from the hill belonging to the school

A ONE HUNDRED PER CENT TURKISH SCHOOL

The Girls' School at Adana, Turkey, is nearly a 100 per cent Turkish School now, with 170 girls enrolled. Roomfuls of happy, bright Turkish girls, in their white middy suits, are a great contrast to the womanhood and girlhood in that country not so many years ago. The Turkish girl is not completely free yet, but the movement toward freedom and character made possible by the superstition-smashing crusade of the present Turkish government is most significant.

NEW BIBLE HOUSE IN PEKING

Not all news coming from China is of military movements or of troublous times for missionaries. On August 1 the corner stone of the new Bible House in Peking was laid by the Vice-President of Yenching University in the presence of a large group of Chinese, Americans, and Europeans. The new building, which is to be in the Chinese style of architecture, is the gift of the Maryland Bible Society. It will be fireproof. The estimated cost is $50,000 gold.

BAPTISM OF MOSLEMS IN RUMANIA

The Moslem World for October says that among the Moslems of Rumania there is a movement towards Christianity. In May there were a number of baptisms of those living in Bucharest; and on June 22 the daily papers of that city gave an account of the baptism of sixty-seven Mohammedan gypsies. The ceremony took place in the open air before several thousand people. The whole quarter of the city was decorated with flags, and the immediate place of baptism with triumphal arches. The Patriarch of the Orthodox Church, who was present, expressed his joy at seeing a revival of missionary zeal in the ancient church of Rumania. Subsequently he decorated the priest that had gathered these converts by bestowing upon him a red silken girdle, a mark of special religious merit.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST IN CHINA

October 1, 1927, what is to be known as the Church of Christ in China was organized at Shanghai. Notwithstanding the confused state of the country, that in many cases made travel difficult and dangerous, commissioners came from even distant provinces. Eighty-seven commissioners (twenty-one of whom were missionaries) represented 120,000 church members, or almost one-third of all such in China. Their churches were the fruitage of seed sown by sixteen missionary societies —Reformed, London Missionary, American Board, United Brethren, Swedish Evangelical Free Church, United Church of Canada, Presbyterian, etc. Thirty fraternal delegates from other communions participated in the proceedings.

MAHATMA GANDHI ON HINDUISM

It is well to know the reasons why many persons in India that seem very near to whole-hearted acceptance of Christianity yet cling to their former religions. In reply to an American correspondent Mahatma Gandhi explains why he is a Hindu. He writes: "Believing as I do in the influence of heredity, being born in a Hindu family, I have remained a Hindu. I should reject it if I found it inconsistent with my moral sense or my spiritual growth. On examination, I have found it to be the most tolerant of all religions known to me. Its freedom from dogma makes a forcible appeal to me, inasmuch as it gives the votary the largest scope for self-expression. Not being an exclusive religion, it enables the followers of that faith not merely to respect all the other religions, but it also enables them to admire and assimilate whatever may be good in the other faiths. Non-violence is common to all religions, but it has found the highest expression and application in Hinduism. (I do not regard Jainism or Buddhism as separate from Hinduism.) Hinduism believes in the oneness not merely of all human life, but in the oneness of all that lives. Its worship of the cow is, in my opinion, its unique contribution to the evolution of humanitarianism. It is a practical application of the belief in the oneness, and therefore sacredness, of all life. The great belief in transmigration is a direct consequence of that belief."

A SCHOOL IN PLACE OF BEER

The Japanese Student Bulletin tells of a village in northern Japan where a new school building was greatly needed; but, as most of the sixteen hundred inhabitants were poor farmers, they thought it impossible to raise the money that would be required. The head of the village, however, made some inquiries, and found that the amount spent annually for *sake* (rice-beer) amounted to about eight thousand *yen* ($4,000). He therefore suggested giving up the *sake* and using the money for interest and gradual repayment of bonds for the construction of a school. His proposition was supported by the other officials and won the approval of the people. Even the proprietors of the *sake* shops of the village thought well of the plan and signified their willingness to go into some other line of business. The school building was completed last July. About 470 pupils are in the school. The villagers say that they do not miss their *sake*.

MISSIONARY PERSONALIA

REV. RALPH R. KEITHAHN is Acting-Principal of the Pasumalai High School during Dr. John X. Miller's furlough. He has found the boys very alert and anxious to learn, and has had discussions with them that showed they were eagerly searching for truth.

DR. LOUISE STEEL-BROOKE, who worked last year in the hospital at Kienning, China, has accepted the invitation of the Marathi Mission sent by cable and will work in Bombay for a year. She arrived there the same day the workers from America arrived, and the *purdah* women are flocking to her; the income from fees is double what it was when there was an Indian doctor alone.

REV. GEORGE L. MARSH, of Athens, is the son of Rev. George D. Marsh, who was for over forty years a missionary in Bulgaria, and died in Philippopolis. Mr. Marsh has written recently of a visit to the city of his boyhood which he had not seen for thirty-five years. He found the old Turkish house in which his family had lived standing almost as it used to be; his first caller was Bai Yanko, the genial, hard-working, devoted bookseller who had been his father's right-hand man; Sunday morning he preached in the beautiful church which his father had built of splendid granite blasted from the rock on which it stands;

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nd in the evening Rev. Ivan Setchanoff, who had received him as a lad into the membership of this church, invited him to his home.

Rev. John E. Merrill has been trying two experiments in the Aleppo High School: double periods for supervised study; and the conducting of the religious work and the Thursday meetings by the students.

Miss Ruth Simpson has been asked by Bombay Mission Station to take over the supervision of the city schools to see if she can put life into them. She hates to give up her work for the girls and the workroom in Bowker Hall, yet feels that these schools could be a great piece of work, attended as they are by non-Christians—Jews, Mohammedans, and Hindus. "Through the children we could come in contact with the homes, and I should like to have a parent-teacher association such as they have at home. The teachers are Christian, and we might, if we had the funds, start some little bits of Christ's kingdom in the hearts of those who would not otherwise know its joy.

Dr. John Henry House, for fifty-three years a missionary of the American Board, and founder of the Thessalonica Agricultural and Industrial Institute in Salonica, Greece, has been awarded the Cross of the Chevalier of the Order of the Saviour by President Koundouriotis, of Greece, in "recognition of his large and constructive service rendered to the Greek people." Dr. House's son Charles is now in charge of the Institute which is conducted by an independent Board of Directors.

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LETTERS FROM OVERSEAS

Concluded from page 78

off. It was the first time a company of laborers under contract have been trusted to the extent of not providing an escort of soldiers. The Christian behavior of our men, their cheerful obedience to orders made a profound impression on all the whites at the fort. Our Christians have been made overseers at the mines, since they know how to read and write. They write to their wives and missionaries that they are faring well, and that after their ten months of labor they are all to return home. Meanwhile, when possible, they meet in small groups and encourage each other with Bible reading and prayer. A letter recently received states that three natives professed Christ at these gatherings.

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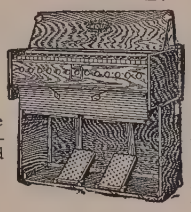

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THE CHRONICLE

Sailings for the Field

December 19. From Seattle, Rev. and Mrs. Harry S. Martin, returning to North China Mission.

December 23. From Southampton, England, Miss Minnie Clarke, returning to Rhodesia Mission.

December 30. From New York, Miss Anna Clarke, returning to Zulu Mission.

Arrivals on the Field

October 3. In Beirut, Syria, Rev. and Mrs. Henry H. Riggs, returning to the mission.

October —. In Madura, India, Miss Jennie M. DeForest, joining the mission.

November 16. In Madura, India, Mr. Edson C. Lockwood, joining the staff of the American College, Madura.

November 21. In Tungchow, North China, Mrs. Elmer W. Galt, returning to the mission.

December 1. In Mt. Silinda, Rhodesia, Rev. and Mrs. Frank T. Meacham, returning to the mission, and Miss Louise F. Torrance, joining the mission.

Arrivals from the Field

November 17. In San Francisco, Miss Mary B. Cushman, of Foochow, China.

December 5. In New York, Miss Katherine Merrill, of Matsuyama, Japan.

December 14. In New York, Miss Marion J. Beman and Miss G. Marion Holland, of Ahmednagar, India.

December 19. In New York, Rev. and Mrs. Harwood B. Catlin, of Johannesburg, South Africa.

December 21. In New York, Rev. and Mrs. Edward P. Holton, of Dindigul, South India.

Births

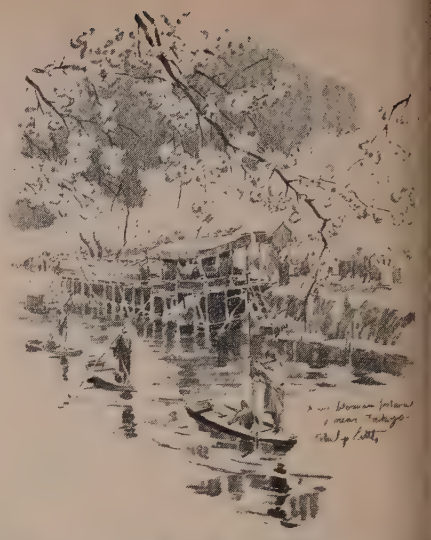
December 25. In Lisbon, Portugal, a son, Robin Leroy, to Dr. and Mrs. H. Veazie Markham, of the West Central Africa Mission.

Deaths

October 26. In Vancouver, B. C., Dr. Robert G. Moffatt, aged 57 years, formerly of West Central Africa Mission.

December 23. In Woburn, Mass., Mrs. Mary Hall Cummings, aged 85 years, a charter member of the Woman's Board of Missions.

December 26. In Brousa, Miss Nora Ward and Miss Marie Hiller, of Brousa School.



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December 29. In Kodaikanal, outh India, Mrs. Fannie (Wood-ck) Tracy, aged 81 years, of Ma-ra Mission.

January 6, 1928. In Newton, ass., Dr. Julia Bissell, aged 65 ears, formerly of Marathi Mission.

MISS NORA WARD
MISS MARIE HILLER

Miss Ward and Miss Hiller, teach-s at the Brousa Girls' School, were eturning from a Christmas visit to riends at Constantinople when their teamer crashed in a dense fog. They ere last seen passing out lifebelts panic-stricken passengers and had one below for more belts when the essel sank.

Miss Hiller was born in South merica, of German parents, but ad lived much in French Switzer-nd, where she had taken her uni-ersity work. She was in charge t the French department at Brousa, nd was equally familiar with Ger-an and English. She was an ex-ellent teacher, a keen student, and oyal and helpful in her work among ne Turkish girls. She was the main-pring of a group of Turkish teach-rs in Brousa who were interested n French literature and that lan-uage.

Miss Ward, an English girl in her arly twenties, had previously taught n the American Collegiate Institute n Smyrna. In 1927 she transferred o the Brousa Girls' School, where er faithful and effective service had on a large place for her.

MRS. FANNIE W. TRACY

Mrs. Tracy, who was born in outh Williamstown, Mass., served or fifty years as a missionary of ne Board. She came to India as ne wife of James E. Tracy in 1874 nd continued in active service after is death in 1923. She was placed n the Roll of Honor of the Ameri-an Board in 1927. Her husband as the son of one of the early issionaries of the Board and the ounder of the Union Theological eminary at Pasumalai. Mrs. Tracy, hough a quiet and home-loving type f woman, did an extensive work mong the Indian women and girls, orming various societies and labor-ng in native churches. She had a eep love for the Indian people, and ven when she became confined to er home in Kodaikanal she was the enter of a very real influence, not nly among her native neighbors, but mong other missionaries. She en-eared herself especially to young orkers in India who spent their rst year in language study at Ko-aikanal. Many of these lived with Mother Tracy" in her home and eceived from her inspiration and ncouragement.

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MRS. MARY H. CUMMINGS

Mrs. Cummings was a native of Oberlin, Ohio, her father being a professor in Oberlin College, but in her youth the family moved to Ipswich. Her husband was the first president of the National Shawmut Bank of Boston. Mrs. Cummings' death removes the only surviving charter member of the Woman's Board of Missions. She was for many years on its executive committee and she kept her interest in the cause to the end.

DR. JULIA BISSELL

In hundreds of homes in Western India "Our Dr. Julia" has been a household word. Never was a missionary doctor more beloved. When she first opened her dispensary in Ahmednagar medical work for women and children was in its pioneer stages. The present modern hospital stands as a memorial to her although she was never able to enjoy working in it.

Those who remember Julia Bissell as a college student at Wellesley (Class of '85) and as a medical student at the Woman's Medical College of Philadelphia speak not only of her earnestness and gentleness, but of her vivacity, her eager, joyous spirit, and her zest for life. She had a wonderful gift for making friendships in those days and the college friends have stood behind her work during all the years, showing their devotion to her in countless ways.

Dr. Bissell was born in India in 1862, of missionary parents, Rev. and Mrs. Lemuel Bissell. After graduating from college, she went out for three years to teach in the Ahmednagar Girls' School. Having decided that she could best help India through Christian medical work, she returned to complete her preparation, and opened her dispensary in 1895. Then came years of unremitting service far beyond her strength. Women came to her from long distances for help and she tried to cope with terrible epidemics, besides doing the regular work of a missionary physician.

In 1902 she had a breakdown, which made it necessary for her to return to the United States. Ever since, she had been an invalid, although able of late to mingle more with her friends and to enjoy living at the Auburndale Missionary Home. The end came suddenly after a cerebral hemorrhage. Services were conducted by Dr. Robert A. Hume and the interment was at Newton Cemetery, where the body was buried beside that of another prominent missionary worker, Corinna Shattuck, of Turkey.

Purdy

Boston, Mass.

Ten Years Ago

Dad's mustache—Sister in short dresses—Mother's coiffure. How funny those pictures are! How they bring back yesterday's priceless memories!

Ten Years From Now

Will you have a portrait of Mother, Dad, and Sister? Sister's first baby? The family group before Mother's death?

Why?

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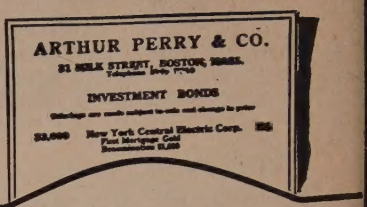

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